

ACDITODET

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIXEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S

CHAPTER XIII. "AFTER MY MIGHT FUL FAYNE WOLD I YOU PLESE."

THE day after the family dinner was hopelessly wet; so the expedition to Shottery, proposed by Edgar Turchill and seconded by Daphne, was indefinitely postponed. The summer fleeted by, the beautiful bounteous summer, with her lap full of sweetscented flowers; the corn grew tall, the hay was being carted in many a meadow within sound of Stratford bells; and the woods began to put on that look of dull uniform green, which indicates the beginning of the For the sisters at South Hill, for end. Gerald Goring and Edgar Turchill, July and August had been one long holiday. There was so little in life for these young people to do except take their pleasure. Theirs was an existence of perpetual rose-gathering; and the roses of life budded and bloomed for them with an inexhaustible fertility. Perhaps Madoline was the only one among them who had any idea of duty. Edgar was an affectionate son, a good master, and a liberal landlord; but he had never been called upon to sacrifice his own inclinations for the welfare of others, and he had never given his mind to any of the graver questions of the day. To him it mattered very little how the labouring classes as a body were taught and housed; so long as the peasants on his own land had decent cottages, and were strangers to want. It irked him not whether the mass of mankind were Jews or Gentiles, ritualists, dissenters, or rank unbelievers; so long as he sat in the old cloth-lined family pew on Sunday morning,

assisting at the same service which had been all-sufficient for his father, and seeing his dependents deporting themselves discreetly in their places in the gallery. life was a narrow life, travelling in a narrow path that had been worn for him by the footsteps of his ancestors. He was a good man, in a limited way. But he had never read the modern gospel, according to Thomas Carlyle, which after all is but an expansion of the parable of the talents; and he knew not that every man must work after some fashion or other, and do something for the time in which he lives. He was so thoroughly honest and true-hearted, that, if the narrowness and uselessness of his life had been revealed to him, he would assuredly have girded his loins and taken up the pilgrim's staff. Never having had any such revelation he took his pleasure as innocently as a school-boy at home for the holidays, and had no idea that he was open to the same reproach which that man received who had buried the wealth entrusted to him.

He was as near happiness in this bright summer-tide as a mortal can hope to be. The greater part of his days were spent with Daphne, and Daphne was always delightful. True that she was changeable as the light July winds, and that there were times when she most unmercifully snubbed him. But to be snubbed by her was better than the smiles and blandishments of other women. She was given to that coyness and skittishness, the grata protervitas, which seems to have been the chief fascination of the professional beauty of the Augustan era. She was coy as Chloe; coquettish as Glycera; fickle as Lydia, who, supposing there was only one lady of that name, and she a real personage, was rather too bad. Daphne was half-a-dozen girls in

one; sometimes welcoming her swain so sweetly that he felt sure she loved him, and the next day turning from him with scornful impatience, as if his very presence were

weariness to her.

"Being her slave what He bore it all. could he do," &c. He had Shakespeare's sonnets by heart, and was somewhat of the slavish lover therein depictured. His Lydia might flout him to-day, and he was just as ready to fetch and carry for her to-morrow. She had changed, and for the worse, since the sweet fresh early summertide when they two had breakfasted tête-àtête in the boat-house. She was not so even-tempered. She was ever so much more capricious and exacting, and she was prone to gloomy intervals, which anyone other than a lover might have ascribed to sulks. Edgar wondered, not without sorrow, at the change; but it was not in him to blame her. He made all manner of excuses. Her health. She might be a victim of obscure neuralgic pains and aches, which she heroically concealed from her friends - albeit her fair and fresh appearance belied the supposition. Perhaps it was the weather which made her occasionally cross. Who could go on in simpering placidity with the thermometer at ninety in the shade ?

"And then we spoil her," argued Edgar, urging his final plea. "She is so bewitching that one can't help spoiling her. Madoline spoils her. Iam an idiot about her; and even Goring, for all his contemptuous airs and graces, is almost as easily fooled by her as the rest of us. If we were more rational in our treatment of her, she would be less faulty. But then her very faults

are charming.

It had been, or had seemed to be, an utterly happy summer for everybody at South Hill. Two months of splendid weather; two months wasted in picnicking, and excursionising, driving, boating, lawntennis, tea-drinking, journeying to and fro between South Hill and Goring Abbey to watch the progress of the hot-houses, which, despite the unlimited means of their future master, progressed with a provoking slowness. For some little time after Gerald's arrival Daphne had held herself as much as possible in the back-She had tried to keep aloof from the life of the two lovers; but this Madoline would not suffer.

"You are to be in all our amusements,

you and I should be less together, or less dear to each other, because of Gerald's return. Do you think my heart is not big enough to hold you both?"

"I know it is, Lina. But I fancy Mr. Goring would like to have it all to himself, and would soon get to look upon me as an intruder, if I were too much with you. You had better leave me at home to amuse myself on the river, or to play ball with Goldie, who is more than a person as to

sense and sensibility."

To this Madoline would not consent, Her love of her sister was so tempered with pity, so chastened and softened by her knowledge of the shadow that darkened the beginning of Daphne's life, that it was much deeper and stronger than the affection common among sisters. She wanted to make up to Daphne for all she had lost; for the cruel mother who had deserted her in her cradle; for the father's unjust resentment. And then there was the delightful idea that Edgar Turchill, that second best of men, whom she had rejected as a husband, would by-and-by be her brother; and that Daphne's future, sheltered and cherished by a good man's devoted love, would be as complete and perfect a life as the fairest and sweetest of women need desire to live. Madoline had quite made up her mind that Edgar was to marry Daphne. That he was passionately in love with her was obvious to the meanest capacity. Everybody at South Hill knew it, except perhaps Daphne herself. That she liked him with placid sisterly regard was equally clear. And who could doubt that time would ripen this sisterly regard into that warmer feeling which could alone recompense him for his devotion? Thus, against the girl's own better sense, it became an understood fact that Daphne was to be a third in all the lovers' amusements and occupations, and that Mr. Turchill was very frequently to make a fourth in the same. To Gerald Goring the presence of these two seemed in no wise obnoxious. Daphne's vivacity amused him, and he looked upon his old friend Turchill as a considerably inferior order of being, not altogether unamusing after his kind. He was not an exacting lover. He accepted his bliss as a settled thing; he knew that no rock on Cornwall's rugged coast was more securely based than his hold on Madoline's affection. troubled by no jealous doubts; his love and to hear all our plans, dear," she told knew no hot fits, or cold fits, no quarrel-her sister one day. "I never meant that ling for the after bliss of reconciliation. knew no hot fits, or cold fits, no quarrelThere was nothing of the grata protervitas in Madoline's gentle nature. Her wellbalanced mind could not have stooped to coquetry.

August was drawing to its close. It had been a month of glorious weather, such halcyon days as made the farmer's occupation seem just the most delightful calling There was not much possible for man. arable land within ken of South Hill, but what corn-fields there were promised abundant crops; and one of the magnates of the land, who in his dudgeon against a revolutionary tampering with the game-laws looming in the dim future, had rough ploughed a thousand acres or so of his best land rather than let it under obnoxious conditions, may have thought regretfully of the corn that might have been reaped off those breezy uplands, in those fertile valleys, where at his bidding sprang cockle instead of barley. It was a month of holidaymaking for everybody - for even the labour of the fields, looked at from the outside, seemed like holiday-making. Quiet little Stratford, flushed with spasmodic life by the arrival of a corps of artillery, tootled on trumpets, and daddy-mammyed on drums; while the horn of the Leamington coach blew lustily every morning and afternoon, and the fox-hound puppy at nurse at the Red Horse found the middle of the highway no longer a comfortable place for his after-dinner nap. It was the season of American tourists, doing Stratford and its environs, guide-book in hand, and crowding in to the inn parlour, after luncheon, to see the veritable chair in which Washington Irving used to sit.

There came a drowsy sunny noontide when the lovers had no particular employment for their day. They had been reduced to playing billiards directly after breakfast, until Gerald discovered that it was too hot for billiards, whereupon the four players—Lina, Daphne, Gerald, and Turchill—repaired to the garden in search of shade.

"Shade!" cried Daphne indignantly. "Who wants shade? Who could ever have too much of Phœbus Apollo? Not I. We see too little of his god-like countenance, and I will never turn my back upon him."

She seated herself on the burnt grass in the full blaze of the sun, while the other three sat in the shadow of an immense Spanish chestnut, which grew wide and low, making a leafy tent.

"This is a horrid idle way of spending speare; and I think it is because I have one's day," said Daphne, jumping up with been over-dosed with such stuff that I

sudden impatience, after they had all sat for half an hour talking lazily of the weather and their neighbours. "Is there nothing for us to do?"

"Yes, you excitable young person," answered Gerald. "Since your restless temper won't let us be comfortable here, we'll make you exert yourself elsewhere. The river is the only place where life can be tolerable upon such a day as this. The nicest thing would be to be in it. The next best thing perhaps is to be on it. You shall row us to Stratford Weir, Miss Daphne."

"I should like it of all things. I am dying for something to do," responded Daphne, brightening. "You'll take an oar, won't you, Edgar?"

"Of course, if you'd really like to go. By-the-bye, suppose we improve the occasion by landing at Stratford, and walking Gerald over to Shottery to see Ann Hathaway's cottage."

"Delicious," cried Daphne. "It shall be a regular Shakespearian pilgrimage. We'll take tea and things, and have kettledrum in Mrs. Baker's house-place. She'll let me do what I like, I know. And Mr. Goring shall carry the basket, as a punishment for his hideous apathy. And we'll talk to him about Shakespeare's early life all the way."

"Shakespeare's life, forsooth!" cried erald scornfully. "Who is there that Gerald scornfully. knows anything about it? Half-a-dozen entries in a parish register; a few traditional sayings of Ben Jonson's; and a pack of sentimentalists — English and German-evolve out of their inner consciousness a sentimental biography. 'We may picture him as a youth going across the fields to Shottery: because it is the shortest way, and a man of his titanic mind would naturally have taken it : yes, over the same meadows we tread this day: on the same ground, if not on the same grass.' Or again: 'Seeing that apostlespoons were still in common use in the reign of Elizabeth, it may be fairly concluded that the immortal poet used one for his bread-and-treacle: for who shall affirm that he did not eat bread-and-treacle, that the inspired lad of the Stratford grammarschool had not the same weaknesses and boyish affections as his school-mates? Who would not love to possess Shakespeare's spoon, or to eat out of Shakespeare's porringer?' That is the kind of rot porringer?' which clever men write about Shakespeare; and I think it is because I have

have learned to detest the bard in his private character."

"You are a hardened infidel, and you

shall certainly carry the basket."

"What, madam, would you degrade me to a hireling's office? 'Gregory, o' my

word, we'll not carry coals."

"There, you see," cried Daphne triumphantly, "you can't live without quoting him. He has interwoven himself with our daily speech."

"Because we are parrots, without ideas

of our own," answered Gerald.

"Oh, I am proud of belonging to the soil on which he was reared. I wish there were one drop of his blood in my veins. I envy Edgar because his remote ancestry claim kin with the Ardens. I almost wish I were a Turchill."

"That would be so easy to accomplish," said Edgar softly, blushing at his own audacity.

Daphne noticed neither his speech nor his confusion. She was all excitement at the idea of an adventurous afternoon, were it only a visit to the familiar cottage.

"Madoline, dearest, may I order them to pack us a really nice tea?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, if we are all decided upon

going."

"It seems to me that the whole thing has been decided for us," said Gerald, smiling indulgently at the vivacious face, radiant in the broad noon-day light, the willowy figure in a white gown flecked and chequered with sunshine.

"You order me to row you down the Avon," said Daphne, "and I condemn you to a penitential walk to Shottery. ought by rights to go barefoot, dressed in a white sheet; only I don't think it would

become you."

"It might be too suggestive of the Turkish bath," said Gerald. "Well, I submit and if needs be I'll carry the basket, provided you don't plague me too

much about your poet."

"I move an amendment," interposed Edgar. "Sir Vernon is to take the chair at Warwick at the Yeomanry dinner, so Miss Lawford is off duty. Let us all go on to Hawksyard, and dine with the old mother. It'll delight her, and it won't be half bad fun for us. There'll be the harvest moon to light you home, Madoline, and the drive will be very pleasant in the cool of the-

"Cockchafers," cried Gerald. are particularly cool at that hour-come banging against one's nose with ineffable

assurance.

"Say you'll come, Lina," pleaded Edgar, "and I'll send one of Sir Vernon's stableboys to Hawksyard on my horse with a line to the mater, if I may.'

"I should enjoy it immensely—if Gerald likes, and if you are sure Mrs. Turchill

would like to have us."

"I think I'd better be out of it. I'm not a favourite with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne

"Oh, Daphne!" cried Turchill ruefully. "Oh, Edgar!" cried Daphne, mocking "Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and declare, as an honest man, that

your mother likes me?"

"Perhaps not quite so much as she will when she knows more of you," answered the squire of Hawksyard, as red as a turkey-"The fact is, she so worships Madoline that you are a little thrown into the shade."

"Of course. How could anyone who likes Madoline care about me? It isn't possible," retorted Daphne, with a somewhat bitter laugh. "If I were one of a boisterous brood of underbred girls I might have a chance of being considered just endurable; but as Lina's sister I am as the shadow to the sunlight; I am like the back of a beautiful picture—a square of dirty canvas."

"If you are fishing for compliments, you are wasting trouble," said Gerald. "It is not a day on which any man will rack his brains in the composition of pretty

speeches."

"May I write the note? May I send

the boy?" asked Edgar.

Lina looked at her lover, and finding him consentient, consented; whereupon Edgar hurried off, intensely pleased, to make his

arrangements.

So far, he had been disappointed in his hope of seeing Daphne a frequent guest at Hawksyard, the petted companion and plaything of his mother. He had made for himself an almost Arcadian picture: Daphne basking on the stone bench in the Baconian garden; amusing herself with the poultry; even milking a cow on occasion; and making junkets in the picturesque old dairy. He had fancied her upstairs and downstairs, in my lady's chamber; unearthing all Mrs. Turchill's long hoarded treasures of laces and ribbons, kept to be looked at rather than to be worn; sorting the houselinen, which would have stocked a Swiss hotel, and ran the risk of perishing by slow decay upon its shelves or ever it was worn by usage. He had pictured her

accepted as the daughter of the house; waking the solemn old echoes with her glad young voice; fondling his dogs; riding his hunters in the green lanes, and across the level fields. She was pining to ride; but of the six horses at South Hill there was not one which Sir Vernon would allow

her to mount.

The pleasant picture was as yet only a phantasm of the mind. Mrs. Turchill had not taken to Daphne. She was a good woman-truthful, honest, kind-heartedbut she had her prejudices, and was passing

"I don't deny her prettiness," she said, when Edgar tried to convince her that not to admire Daphne was a fault in herself, "but she is not a girl that I could ever make a friend of."

"That's because you don't take the trouble to know her, mother. If you would

ask her here oftener-

"I hope I know my place, Edgar," said the mistress of the Grange stiffly. Miss Daphne Lawford wishes to improve my acquaintance she knows where to find me.

But Daphne had taken no pains to secure to herself-the advantage of Mrs. Turchill's friendship. There was no particular reason why she should go to Hawksyard; so, after one solemn afternoon call with Madolineon which occasion they were received with chilling formality in the best drawing-room: an apartment with an eight-foot oak dado, deeply-recessed mullion windows, and a state bedroom adjoining-Daphne went there no more. And now here was a splendid opportunity of making her at home in the dear old house, and of showing her all the surroundings which he loved and cherished.

"Best of Mothers," he wrote, "I am going to take you by storm this afternoon. We—Lina, Daphne, Mr. Goring, and I—are going to Shottery, and propose driving on to Hawksyard afterwards. Get up the best dinner you can at so short a notice, and give us your warmest welcome. You had better put out plenty of Hirsch's Liebfraumilch and a little dry cham. for Goring. The girls drink only water. Let there be syllabubs and junkets, and everything pastoral. Don't ask anyone to meet them, added Edgar, with a dread of having the local parson projected on his love-feast; "we want a jolly, free and easy evening. Dinner at eight.—Your loving

Her first idea was to strike. luncheon. Her son might have brought home half-adozen of his bachelor friends, and it would have been a pleasure to her to kill fatted calves and put out expensive wines. She would have racked her brain to produce an attractive menu, and taxed the resources of poultry-yard and dairy to the uttermost. But to be bidden to prepare a feast for Madoline who had rejected her paragon son, for the rival who had supplanted him, and for Daphne, whom she most cordially disliked, was something too much. sat at her simple meal bridling and murmuring to herself in subdued revolt. She was tempted to ring for Rebecca, and confide her wrongs to that sympathetic ear; but discretion, and her very genuine love for her son prevailed; and instead of summoning Rebecca, she sent for the cook, and announced the dinner-party as if it were the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire.

Daphne ran down to the boat-house before the others had finished luncheon, and with Bink's assistance made her boat a picture of comfort. Gerald was excused from the burden of the basket, as that could be conveyed in the carriage which was to pick up the party at Shottery and take them on to Hawksyard. The old name of the boat had been erased for ever by workmanlike hands the day after Daphne's futile attempt to obliterate it. Norah Creina now appeared in fresh gilding above the deposed emperor.

"You ought not to have altered it," said Gerald. "There was something original in calling your boat after a bloodthirsty lunatic. Norah Creina is the essence of

cocknevism."

"It was the boat-builder's suggestion," Daphne answered indifferently. "What's in a name?"

"True! Your boat by any other name

would go as fast."

Daphne had to wait some time by the water's edge before the other three came quietly strolling across the meadow. had been sculling gently up and down under the willows while she waited.

"Now then, Empress," said Gerald, when he had arranged Lina's shawls, and settled her comfortably in her place, "you are to sit beside your sister. Edgar and I will take an oar apiece, while you and Lina amuse us with your conversation."

This nickname of Empress was a re-This brief epistle was handed to Mrs. miniscence of Daphne's adventure in Turchill just as she was sitting down to Fontainebleau Forest. It matched very well with her occasional imperiousness, and the association was known only to Gerald Goring and herself. It amused him, when he was in a mischievous humour, to call her by a name which she never heard without a blush.

"I thought I was to row you?" said

Daphne.

"No, Empress; as it's all down stream we of the sterner sex will relieve you of the duty. Besides, you could never row comfortably in that go-to-meeting get-up," said Gerald, looking critically at Daphne's straw-coloured Indian silk, embroidered with scarlet poppies and amber wheat-ears, and fluffy with soft lace about the neck and arms, and the Swiss milkmaid's hat with its wreath of cornflowers.

"I could not wear a boating-dress, as we are to dine with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne.

"You might have worn what you liked," protested Edgar eagerly; "but you look so lovely in that yellow gown that I shall be pleased for my mother to see you in She is weak about gowns. I believe she has a wardrobe full of gorgeous attire which she and Rebecca review once a week, but which nobody ever wears.'

"The gowns will do for the chair-covers of a future generation," said Gerald; "all the chair-covers in my mother's morningroom are made out of the court-trains of her grandmothers and great-aunts. believe a court mantle in those days consumed two yards and a half of stuff."

He had taken off his coat, and bared his

arms to above the elbow.

"What a splendid stroke you pull, still, Goring," said Edgar admiringly, "and you

have the wrist of a navvy."

"One of my paternal inheritances," answered Gerald coolly; "you know my father was a navvy." At which frank speech everybody in the boat blushed except the

"He must have been a glorious fellow," faltered Edgar, after an awkward pause.

"Any man who can make a million of money, and keep it without leaving speck or flaw upon his good name, must be a glorious fellow," answered Gerald, with more heartiness than was usual to him. "My father lived to do good to others as well as to himself, and went down to his grave honoured and beloved. I wish I were more like him.

"That's the nicest thing I ever heard

you say," exclaimed Daphne.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanleymurmured Gerald. "I am beginning to feel proud of myself."

They landed at the boat-builder's below the bridge, hard-by that decayed old inn which must have seen courtlier company than the waggoners and wayfarers who drink there now. Then they crossed Sir Hugh Clopton's granite bridge, and walked through the quiet town to the meadows that lead to Shottery. It is but a mile from the town to the village, a mile of meadow pathway, every step of which is haunted by ghostly footsteps, the Sacred Way of English literature.

"It's no use telling me not to talk about him," cried Daphne, as she jumped lightly from the top of a stile, the ascent whereof tested the capacity of a fashionable frock; "I cannot tread this ground without thinking of him. I am positively bursting with

the idea of him."

"Which is the he whose image pursues you?" asked Gerald, with that languid upward twitch of his dark brows which gracefully expressed a mild drawing-room cynicism. "Do these fields suggest grave thoughts about tenant-right or game-laws, or the land question generally? Is it Beaconsfield or Gladstone whose eidolon pursues you?"

"Please don't be disgusting," cried Daphne. "CAN one think of anybody

in these meadows except-

"The inevitable William. A man does not live near Stratford with impunity. He must be dosed. Well, child, what are you bursting to say?"

"I have been thinking what a happiness it is to know that the dear creature travelled so little," responded Daphne; "and that when he talks of Bohemia, or France, or Germany, Rome, Verona, Elsinore, or Inverness-

"Somebody wrote a treatise an inch thick to show that Shakespeare may have gone to Scotland with the king's players; but I fancy he left his case as hypothetical as he found it," interjected Gerald.

"Whether he talks of Athens—or Africa -he really means Warwickshire," pursued Daphne. "It is his own native county that is always present to his mind. Florizel and Perdita make love in our meadows. There is the catalogue of flowers just as they bloom to-day. And Rosalind's cottage was in a lane near the few old oaks which still remain to show where Arden Forest once stood. And poor Ophelia drowned herself in one of the backwaters of our Avon. I can show you the very willow growing aslant the brook."

"A backwater isn't a brook," murmured Edgar mildly.

"I allow that local colour is not our William's strong point," answered Gerald. "Not being a traveller, he would have done better had he never ventured beyond the limits of his Warwickshire experience; for in that case he would not have imagined lions in the streets of Rome, or a sea-coast in Bohemia."

"Wait till you write a play or a novel," retorted Daphne, "and you'll find you'll have to adapt yourself to circumstances."

"That's exactly what your divine bard did not do. He adapted circumstances to suit his plays."

#### CRUSOEING.

THE delights of solitude have been fervidly extolled by writers who took good care to keep themselves within hail of the busy hum of men; but its fancied charms have soon palled upon unfortunates condemned to a silent life, either by their own whim, the tyranny of others, or circumstances over

which nobody had any control.

Alexander Selkirk tried the experiment of living in solitary independence of his own option and undervery favourable conditions. The island whereon he elected to abide was one of the fairest spots upon earth, blessed with a delicious climate and grateful soil. He was well provided with clothes to cover him, arms to protect him, books and tobacco to solace him. His larder was well supplied with kid-flesh, fish, seal, and sea-lion meat, which he could season to his liking with pimento-pepper; while cabbages, turnips, radishes, parsnips, purslain, parsley, and water-cress were at his command. Still it took eight months to reconcile Selkirk to his self-elected lot, and after enduring it for four years, he gladly bade adieu to his Eveless paradise.

Three weeks' experience of Crusoeing sufficed to bring an unwilling solitarian to death's door, but he was a mere lad, wanting three years to be out of his teens, when getting separated from his messmates, while seeking wood and water on one of the Gallipagos Islands, he lost himself in the forest. After passing an uncomfortable night there, daylight saw Lord roving in quest of what he might devour, and finding nothing save a big snake, unavailable for staying his appetite; and when night came round again, he was still wandering in a maze of trees, weary with walking, and

faint for lack of food; fearing to sleep on the ground lest he should intrude upon the privacy of some deadly serpent. This difficulty he surmounted by climbing a tall tree, and roosting in its branches, unaware that he had a fellow-lodger in a big owl, until, on leaving his airy chamber in the morning, he knocked the bird down, and turned the accident to account by breakfasting upon the owl, without any further preparation than stripping it of its feathers.

That night Lord was out of the wood, but was not much better off, for, sleeping at the foot of a mountain, he was drenched with rain, and when morning broke was in anything but condition for climbing. Climb the mountain, however, he did; from the summit beholding the bay in which his whaler had been, but was not. He saw a brig there, but she was making her way out. Madly he dashed down the mountain side, to gain the beach all too late, and become oblivious of his disappointment by going off in a dead faint. When he recovered his senses hunger got the better of despair, its pangs being none the less bitter from the knowledge that there was abundance of food in the waters washing his prison, and that he had neither hook to bait or bait to hook, and must, perforce, live as best he might upon berries and seal-flesh.

So the dismal days dragged on, the only event breaking their monotonous misery being Lord's nearly coming to grief altogether in grappling with a great seal, rolling into the sea with it, and scrambling out alone as quickly as his weakness allowed. After this bout he contrived to crawl up the mountain again, and to his joy descried a large ship making for the island. The sight gave him new strength, and he managed to get down to the beach just as she entered the harbour. Soon a boat was lowered, and he knew no more, until his eyes opened upon a little crowd of friendly faces. He cried out for water, and drank till he swooned again, when kindly arms carried him to the boat, and he was soon safe in the care of the famous explorer of the seas,

Captain Cook.

Lord did not find the Gallipagos Islands so much to his mind as did an Irishman, who let his ship depart without him, and set up his rest on one of those volcanic islets; dwelling there for seven years in a hovel of his own building, living upon tortoises, seals, and fish, washed down with rum obtained from ships in exchange for the potatoes and pumpkins he busied himself

In 1818, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to H.M.S. Queen Charlotte, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a seaweed fire. He had, three years before, been left there with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of

birds, and drinking their blood.

The find of the Queen Charlotte's men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pickman, when, in 1616, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men going in search of eggs, came upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance; and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage-boat between England and Ireland, had been captured, and afterwards cast off, by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable, save a little sugar, with them, one of the three soon died of starvation, the others lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs, and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clothesless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together, he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by baited sticks thrust through the openings in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive, until the accidental advent of the Londonbound Flemish timber-ship released him from his dreary durance.

Less happy was the ending of a wonderful adventure that befell Hans Jorgenson, a Swedish sailor belonging to the White Wave, a Californian schooner employed in seal and other fishing in the North Pacific. On September 18, 1879, the schooner being within sight of the Aleutian Islands, a boat was sent on shore for water, the crew consisting of Hans Jorgenson and two other seamen. Hans, having his rifle with him, had no sooner landed than he went off in search of game, and, as he took no heed to the ship without him. A furious gale sprang up, and for four days it was impossible for the White Wave to come anywhere near the island. At the end of that time a landing was effected, and Jorgenson was found to be alive certainly, but most strangely altered in appearance. The spare Swede of five feet seven, with a bald pate, and a thin straw-coloured moustache, was transformed into a man apparently six feet high, so stout that his clothes would scarcely contain him, with his head and face covered with a crop of fluffy hair, and seemingly ten years older than the Jorgenson who had been left

behind but four days before.

His explanation of the mystery did not make the matter more intelligible. Having started some wild animals, he followed the chase, all unsuccessfully, for miles before thinking of returning to the boat. he did think of it, he began to look about him, and was mightily surprised with his surroundings. The country was bleak and barren, nothing but volcanic rocks, without a single tree or shrub. Here and there were rents in the earth, at the dark bottom of which small but rapid streamlets sped tortuously along through masses of lichen, while heavy volumes of steam, impregnating the air with sulphurous odour, rose from other ravines; giving the Swede the impression that he was looking upon a piece of the earth as it must have been before ever a living creature put foot thereon.

Finding that his shipmates had departed without him, Jorgenson camped out for the night. In the morning he sought for something to breakfast upon; a fruitless quest taking him to the top of a hill, when, falling backwards, he rolled down a gulch on the land side, the stock of his rifle striking against and breaking one of a number of pebble-like objects, which examination showed to be a thin shell of lime or sulphur or something, he could not tell exactly what, covering a quantity of jelly of a light rose-colour, composed of an infinity of minute cells, through which stretched a number of flossy ligaments. Taking a small quantity on his finger, he applied his tongue to it and swallowed some, but was so disgusted with the taste that he pitched the shell away, and went back to his post to watch for the White Wave. After watching for some hours the hungry fellow fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a sensation of the signal of recall, his mates returned | similar to that he had experienced years

before when pulled, half-drowned, out of one of his native fjords; but his hunger had gone, he felt refreshed, and found he could walk without fatigue, and naturally gave the nauseous jelly the credit of it.

Next day he visited the gulch again, and took another taste of the jelly; again came a deep sleep, from which he awoke, as before, free from hunger or weariness; but to his astonishment his clothes had become so tight that he could hardly move in them; his sea-boots seemed a few sizes too small, and the sleeves of his knitted jacket were almost up to his elbows. Stooping to pick up his rifle, he found that too had shrunk, or rather that he himself had stretched and grown under the influence of the wonderful food, and that his physical powers had increased with his bulk. While testing the latter by flinging pieces of rock into the sea, Jorgenson beheld the White Wave bearing down the coast, and signalling with the small brass piece she carried. He replied with his rifle, and after filling his pockets with the mysterious pebbles, made for the beach, and soon was welcomed by his puzzled messmates.

Should our readers discredit this strange tale, which reads like a forecastle yarn it must be confessed, here is the sad end of it, "literally transcribed," says the San Francisco Chronicle, from the log of the White Wave: -"October 3, 1879.—Lat. 57.47 N., Long. 144.10 W. Jorgenson is dead, and I don't know what to make of it. Ever since he came aboard from the island his health have been good, but the remarkable swellin' have gone on until yesterday we were obliged to bring him up on deck, as he had grow'd so that I was afeared we should not be able to get through the companion-way. I was sitting beside him when he died, and had just ask him how do you feel now. He said all over pins and needles like. I said, no pains besides ! He said no, but I feel like as if everything was a stretching and growing inside me. Guess I'm poisoned. I said I guess so, too. Just then I hear a crack inside of him, then another and another, three in all. He clasped his hands to his heart, his chest, and his stumick, gave one groan and died. For curiosity I measured him, and find he is nine feet five inches long and big in proportion."

Involuntary Crusoes have mostly become so from pure accident, but there are some instances to the contrary. Seaman Jeffrey of H.M.S. Recruit venturing to help himself to the captain's spruce beer, was punished

island of Sombrero. Doubtless Captain Lake repented the deed, when, on his return to the same latitude some two months afterwards, the boat sent to bring the offender on board again returned with the report that he was nowhere to be found. At any rate the captain had good cause to repent it a little later on, for, upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the admiral on the West Indian Station, Lake was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service. At home Sir Francis Burdett brought the case before parliament, and a search was instituted for the missing man, resulting in his being brought to England in October, 1809. He had lived on the rock of Sombrero for nine days, subsisting upon limpets and bird's eggs, when, luckily for all concerned, he was taken off by an American schooner, and landed at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

A Dutch skipper once thought to get rid of a bad bargain in the same way. Putting into St. Helena, then uninhabited, to bury a dead officer, he left there a seaman who had been condemned to death. Disinclined to accept the situation, the criminal unearthed the coffin, and after turning out its occupant, launched it on the water, and, thanks to a calm falling, succeeded in overtaking the ship. The captain, thinking his pluck deserving of recognition, received him on deck, a pardoned man.

Some few years back, a Californian newspaper gave an account of the finding of an Indian woman upon San Nicholas Island, off the southern coast of that state. The fact of her existence was discovered by an otter-hunter from the mainland, who found deep footprints in the ground. was unable to follow up these indications of humanity at the time, but, remembering them on visiting the island again three years later, he resolved to prosecute a search for the print-maker. He was not long in coming upon a small circular enclosure of brushwood, about five feet high, and six in diameter, having a little opening on one side. Peering through this, he and his companions beheld a woman sitting cross-legged, skinning sealblubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a rough wooden handle. Her head was covered with a matted mass of yellowish-brown hair, and her body clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, "a duck that can neither fly nor walk." Her features were regular. her complexion much fairer, and her form by being set on shore on the uninhabited more symmetrical than that of the Indian

women on the mainland. Quickly aware of the presence of the intruders, the female Crusoe displayed neither displeasure nor alarm. She could not understand anything said to her in any of the Indian dialects of South California, but showed such capacity for conversing by signs, that they were not long in learning that she had dwelt eighteen years on the island, living upon seal-blubber, "corcomite" root, and "palo sanko," a plant resembling cabbage. Long habit had not so endeared her surroundings, but that she willingly accompanied her discoverers to the mainland; but the change proved fatal, for she died within a couple of months, partly from the effects of a fall, partly from dysentery brought on by too free indulgence in fruits and vegetables; and her poor belongings were collected by Padre Gonzalez, the superior of the mission of Santa Barbara, and sent to the Museum of the Propaganda at Rome.

It might be supposed that a castaway would receive a brother-unfortunate with open arms. It was not so with Pedro Serrano, when he caught sight of a man floating towards the island, still bearing his name, of which he had been undisturbed lord for nearly four years. He jumped to the conclusion that Satan had found him at last; while the newcomer was not a whit less horrified at seeing a creature as naked as Adam before the Fall, with a beard reaching to his waist, and a body covered with bristles. When both had recovered their fright, Serrano, awaking to the duties of hospitality, placed the best food his limited larder afforded before his uninvited guest. For a little while the pair lived amicably together, but only for a little while. Then they dissolved partnership, and avoided each other; becoming reconciled again to embark as friends on board a ship which had been attracted to the island by their signal fire. Pedro reached Spain, was presented to Charles the Fifth, pensioned by that monarch,

less fortunate, died on the voyage.

Captain Barnard, a victim of ungrateful mistrust, found companionship in misery more troublesome than comforting. He commanded an American ship in 1814, and happened to be at New Island, in the Falklands, when an English ship was wrecked there; the crew and passengers, numbering thirty, getting safely to land. Captain Barnard took them all on board, intending to leave them at a Brazilian port, and, to obtain sufficient supplies, went on

and passed the remainder of his days in ease and comfort at Panama. His companion, shore with four of his men on a hunting excursion. While he was so engaged, the English sailors, fearful of being carried to America as prisoners of war, cut the cable, and made off with the ship. The astonished skipper took the matter philosophically. He set his men to work at once to build a house of stone, strong enough to withstand the storms of winter. A small plantation of potatoes supplied the party with a fair substitute for bread; and by storing up albatross eggs, and catching a pig now and then, they contrived to live tolerably well, all things considered.

His companions, however, soon showed symptoms of insubordination, and at length, tired of the life they led, departed in the boat. Alone in his glory, the captain spent his time preparing clothes from the skins of seals and collecting food for the winter, never omitting to ascend a hill once or twice a day on the chance of descrying a ship. After dwelling thus in solitude for some months Barnard was rejoined by the runaways, who had found they could not get on without him. Their return was not an unmitigated blessing. One of them planned his murder, for which the captain had him conveyed to a small island in Quaker Harbour, and left there, until three months of his own society brought him to express penitence for his purposed crime. After this things went smoothly, until an English whaler took the party off, and ended their two years' trial of Crusoeing on New Island.

In 1855 the St. Abbs was wrecked on a reef off San Juan de Nuova. Six of the eight-and-twenty people on board managed to get from the reef to a low flat island of sand, where they passed the night, after a supper on raw eggs, to find at daybreak that the St. Abbs had broken up, and that all who had stuck to her had perished. Thankful as they were for their escape they had not much cause for rejoicing. Water was not to be had; and it was not until the fifth day that they succeeded in obtaining a fire, keeping themselves alive by feeding upon raw birds, sucking eggs, and drinking champagne from the wreck. Every morning a visit was paid to the reef in the hope of picking up something eatable, but nothing save a few preserves rewarded their industry. At the end of a fortnight the castaways determined to attempt crossing the reef at low water, and reaching a larger island. The distance was seven miles, over sharp coral rocks—a hard road for shoeless men to travel; but they succeeded in dragging themselves, and a raft laden with their wine and spirits, to Juan de Nuova. They soon discovered a good well, and a hut built of bamboo and leaves. There were plenty of birds about, and they found some turtle made fast in a hut in the sea; so they fared comparatively well for another couple of weeks, when a small schooner, coming from Mahé for the turtle, observing their signals, came to their relief, and carried the six castaways safe and sound to Mahé, whence, in due time, they found their way home.

More unhappy were the experiences of Riddler and Henley, two seamen belonging to the Hull sloop Chanticleer, when that vessel was off the Patagonian coast, in October, 1867. Returning from an excursion on shore, their boat was driven out to sea by a gale, cast upon the rocks, and broken to pieces. Its occupants escaped much personal damage, but their clothes were torn to tatters, and all they had wherewith to comfort themselves on the snow-covered rock was an oilskin, a pair of blankets, and a few biscuits. The latter did not last them long, and then they had to be content with mussels and shell-fish. At the end of six weeks one of them had lost his toes from the frost, and both were so worn out by hunger, cold, and exposure that hope died within their breasts, and they awaited death's coming with equanimity, having sworn to each other that let who would die first the survivor would not turn cannibal. They had not made the agreement two hours when deliverance came. The Shearwater passing near the rocks, the look-out thought he saw two savages on it; the captain thereupon ordered a boat to be lowered, and the poor fellows were soon in comfortable quarters, surrounded by sympathising blue-jackets.

Who shall say how many men are enacting Crusoe in sad earnest at the present moment? On the 2nd of August, 1880, the Viceroy of India telegraphed home: "Master of ship Cedric the Saxon reports, 'Sighted Inaccessible Island, twenty-three miles S.W. of Tristan d'Acunha, 19th June. Large fire burning on N.W. side, apparently on shore; time, eight evening; heavy gale; unable to lay ship to for daylight. I suggest probable shipwrecked crew."

#### AN INTERLUDE.

BETWEEN the hills, alone upon the heath, Our farmhouse stands; for miles and miles around Is naught but silence: and the mystic hills Bend over us, where gazing from beneath Our house looks up: never a harsher sound Than the far ocean's moan the silence fills. The rooks caw in the tree-tops in the spring, And round the place few birds are heard to sing.

Once on a time the silence of the place
Was broken for a while. He came that way
In search for health, and quiet, peace, and rest.
He read or painted, once he drew my face,
See where it hangs! 'twas how I looked the day
When his love-whispers echoed through my breast.
Not much like me? No, not like I am now,
But it was I, e'er sorrow lined my brow.

We wandered up and down the stretching plain, And climbed the hills, and gazed up to the stars; Then questioned their existence and our own, Talked o'er and o'er the mysteries of pain And tried to peer through Heaven's heavy bars. Yet, e'er the seeds sprang up that he had sown Beneath my window, he had gone, and I Wondered, alone, if it were hard to die.

Yet he had only whispered me of love, And so the silence faded when his voice Broke on mine ear in those first days of life. But now it fills the place; and from above The hills look down, and silence doth rejoice To hide me from my self's most weary strife. Ah! well I know, that silence will not break Till I lie down and sleep—no more to wake.

### A MOST UNBUSINESSLIKE PROCEEDING.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"Young ladies wanted to fill the posts of invoice clerk, bookkeeper, forwarding clerk, and corresponding clerk, in a cornmerchant's office, in which there is also a vacancy for an apprentice. None but those possessing unexceptionable references need apply."

"I think that will do, Brother Joseph, I think that will do, eh?"

"Do! Of course it will do; the very thing, Henry. The idea is a capital one; what made you think of carrying it out?"

"I thought," remarked the senior partner of Middleton Brothers, Corn Merchants, Liverpool, gracefully dividing his coat-tails, and leaning his back against the mantelpiece in the private office, "I thought," he repeated, sustaining the coat-tails with one hand, and gently waving the other, "that we should establish a new era; that we should emancipate woman from her galling thraldom; that our names should be handed down through succeeding ages as worldwide benefactors; and that we should considerably lessen our expenditure, Brother Joseph."

"There is something in that, Henry; there is decidedly something in that."

"Something in it! There is everything in it. Business, my dear Joseph, especially in times like these, is business."

Joseph murmured assent, drew his chair

nearer the fire, took a pinch of snuff, and became lost in meditation.

"Mr. Johnson!" cried Henry, opening the door.

A tall young man, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a black moustache, appeared in answer to the summons.

"I wish you to make out three or four copies of this advertisement, and send them to the principal papers in time for insertion in to-morrow's issue."

"Yes, sir. I'll see to it at once."

Mr. Johnson closed the door carefully behind him, proceeded to his desk, sat down, and prepared to resume his perusal of that morning's newspaper; but happening to glance at the slip of paper he had received, he caught sight of the first few words, and became almost petrified with amazement.

"Why, what in the name of all that's wonderful! Why, good gracious! Jack, I say, Jack, here's about the queerest, rummiest start you ever heard of in your

born days."

"What's up?" enquired an individual in another part of the office. A prepossessing individual, with curling brown hair, close-clipped beard, straight nose, and blue

"What's up? Why, look here."

"Well, this is a go," remarked Jack.
"He must be getting softening of the brain. By Jove, though, it'll be rather the touch if it comes to anything."

And such infinite delight filled the souls of these young men, that they were forced to retire outside in order to give vent to

their feelings.

The advertisement was read next morning by the brothers in their daily paper.

"I scarcely think," said Henry, as they walked down to the office—"I scarcely think we shall have many applications, Joseph. I believe the careful wording of the advertisement will deter unsuitable persons from applying. Our visitors, I fancy, will be few but select."

Joseph meekly assented. He always did to his brother's propositions—always had done since the days of his infancy.

"Few but select!" Oh, wise prognostications of man, how utterly ye come to

nought! "Few but select!"

If from ninety to one hundred applications in a day are few, if a company composed in a very large degree of exbarmaids, ex-ballet-girls, ex-shop-assistants, ex-authoresses, and ex-waitresses, may be mechanical, "you ment we cut down the pear to make barmaids, ex-ballet-girls, ex-shop-assistants, ex-authoresses, and ex-waitresses, may be banker's balance."

called select, then Henry Middleton's prophecy was verified—but certainly not unless.

All day long the stream poured in. All daylong the steps outside were crowded with applicants, the pavement lined with spectators. Office-boys clung to the banisters, and shouted sarcastic encouragement to the ingoers, and yelled derisively at the outcomers. Business, for the time, was at a standstill.

That day remained a day of dread in the memory of Middleton Brothers. After many hours of intolerable discomfort, after being sneered at, scolded at, preached at, after being appealed to with tears, and denounced with scorn, they succeeded in securing four bonâ fide young ladies, and a

respectable person of forty.

The "respectable person" was installed as bookkeeper; the invoice clerk was a slim little creature, with bright grey eyes, and rippling auburn hair; the forwarding clerk was dark and tall, with large brown eyes; the corresponding clerk was short and fair, with a round, kindly, goodnatured face; the apprentice was a saucy little mite of fifteen.

I have said that it ever remained a day of dread in the memory of Middleton Brothers. To say so is to express the facts of the case in the mildest possible manner. That day haunted them. They brooded over it when awake, they dreamt of it when asleep. Often they would wake up in a cold perspiration, believing themselves pursued over interminable deserts by troops of loud-voiced, umbrella-armed females. They were laughed at by their friends, they were jeered at by their enemies. Such, alas! is the fate of all leaders in the van of civilisation and philanthropy.

But these latter evils were in prospective, and the quiet and seclusion, after the noise and bustle and ruthless invasion of their privacy, brought a sense of comfort to their hearts that shut out the view of all future disagreeables. Henry stood with his back against the mantel-piece; Joseph sat by the fire. Henry spoke; Joseph listened.

"You see, Joseph," said the former, holding up a piece of paper on which he had been making calculations, and gathering up his coat-tails with the unoccupied hand, an action which from constant repetition during a quarter of a century had grown mechanical, "you see that by this arrangement we cut down our expenses very considerably, and shall be able, at the end of the year, to make a pleasant addition to our banker's balance."

Joseph smiled pensively: the prospect

was not unpleasing.

"We paid our last bookkeeper," continued Henry, "two hundred pounds, Joseph, two hundred pounds! Miss Smith is pleased to undertake the duties for ninety, without any immediate prospect of a rise —gain, one hundred and ten pounds. paid our invoice clerk one hundred pounds; Miss Vernon accepts the position for fiftygain, fifty pounds. Our forwarding-clerk received one hundred and fifty pounds; Miss Warwick is content with eighty gain, seventy pounds. Our corresponding clerk received one hundred and thirty pounds; Miss Lawson is quite satisfied with seventy-gain, sixty pounds. We gave our last apprentice one hundred pounds for five years; we give our present one, Miss Ramsay, eighty—gain, twenty pounds. Making a gain in all of three hundred and ten pounds, which is not exactly to be despised, and may come in handy for one or two little things-eh, Joseph?

And Henry chuckled, actually chuckled, which was a rare thing with the senior

partner of Middleton Brothers.

"I expect the work will be done in just as business-like a manner—perhaps, if anything, more methodically, more neatly. Women, you see, Joseph, possess finer sensibilities than men, pay more attention to detail, and are more amenable to direction and authority; women don't smoke or drink—at least, the majority don't; and they come very much cheaper, Joseph, very much cheaper."

Joseph smiled acquiescence. He was acquiescence itself. His poking of the fire was an affirmative; the way he sat seemed a respectful assent; the very blowing of his nose appeared to express complete deference to his brother's opinion, and entire

coincidence with it.

"I have no positive complaint to make against either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Harley, but, at the same time, I should not be sorry if they had left with the others. It was a most remarkable and most fortunate thing, that we got so many off our hands at once. But the work must be sadly behind. I think we shall have to stay late for a few nights, and see that it is got up."

They did not, however, stay late that night. The labours they had undergone during the day would have prostrated a Samson, and they were wearied out.

When they entered the office next morning, a transformation had taken place that amazed them. The air, so long a sea of dust in which sickly bluebottles and sticky flies swam feebly about, was now filled with fragrant perfumes. The hatrails were now, for the most part, occupied by dainty hats with flowing feathers, by graceful cloaks, and coquettish little clouds. The stand beneath, so lately filled with ponderous rain-protectors, now held a row of tiny umbrellas, looking like grown-up parasols. And—greatest innovation of all—on one of the long desks upon which thousands of pounds had been counted, scores of ledgers balanced, stood a glassful of flowers.

The whole place seemed changed. There was the soft rustle of women's dresses, the

soft murmur of women's voices.

The brothers stood and gazed, not altogether coldly, on the wonderful transformation; and as they gazed their eyes rested unknowingly on the same spot. Near the window in a patch of sunlight-it was a bright spring day—sat the lately-engaged invoice-clerk. The sunbeams fell lovingly on the small head, and the brown hair seemed to ripple joyously, as if glad that in its folds there lurked tinges of colour that could claim kindred with the golden sun-There was such a quaint air of preoccupation in the serious little face, such a pursing-up of the red lips, such a wrinkling of the smooth brow, such a busy turning over of mighty leaves, such a swift movement of the diligent pen, and at intervals such a wistful contemplation of a cruel ink spot on one of the tiny white hands, that Henry Middleton, the stern senior partner of Middleton Brothers, smiled, and the rugged face beneath the influence of the smile became a pleasant thing to look upon. Turning round he beheld Joseph smiling too. He put his hand kindly on his brother's shoulder, and they walked musingly into the private office, with who shall say what memories of a time when business was not all in all, and life was

But after a quarter of an hour's perusal of the pile of business letters that lay awaiting the partners, the wrinkles came back deeper than before, the smiles faded away—Middleton Brothers were corn-merchants once more. From the letters Henry passed to a formidable list of names and figures headed "Accounts Due," and kept always by this detail-loving man in the recesses of his private desk. Copying a few of the names on a slip of paper, he turned to his brother, and broke the silence for the first time.

"Would you just step into the office,

Joseph, and see if there is anyone not particularly engaged ? I want a few accounts collected."

Joseph complied, and after a few minutes'

absence returned.

follows:

"Miss Warwick is the only one at liberty. I have told her to get ready, and come in to you."

Ten minutes passed, a quarter of an hour passed, and then Miss Warwick appeared.

Oh, stern business men, to whom business is business, and all else vanity and vexation of spirit, can you possibly imagine a clerk with a muff, a clerk with a cloud, a dainty cloak, dainty shoes, and a daintier hat and feather?

Henry had fretted at the delay, but before this apparition, with its laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks, the rebuke died away on his lips. He rose, took up the slip of paper, got into his accustomed attitude by the fire-place, and spoke as

"I have here the names of a few firms against which there are several outstanding accounts. Now I wish you to call upon them, and press for immediate settlement. We make it a rule never to allow accounts to become overdue, without repeated appli-We have learnt the cation for them. necessity of this from experience. We have known many instances in which a little promptitude and a little pressing have saved us from very serious losses. When saved us from very serious losses. you have been with us longer, Miss Warwick, you will find that we are above all things methodical; that we attend personally to little details which are generally left entirely to subordinates. We do so because we have some little respect for our reputation, some little objection to throwing away our own and other peoples' money, which cannot be said of all Liverpool corn firms."

Henry Middleton sat down with a grim smile on his face, and Miss Warwick bowed and retreated.

A little later on he entered the outer office and enquired for Mr. Harley. Mr. Harley had gone out. Where to? Mr. Harley had gone to show Miss Warwick the places at which she had to call. Miss Warwick had the addresses; was not that sufficient? Mr. Harley thought she would not know the directions in which they lay. Hum!

Might it be asked why Mr. Johnson had not got the cash ready for the bank? Mr. Johnson had been showing Miss Vernon the exact manner in which Mr. expectations.

Middleton liked the invoices to be made out. Ha!

"It seems to me, Joseph," remarked Henry, re-entering the private office, "that along with the unquestionable advantages of our scheme, there may be—I only say there may be—some trifling drawbacks."

Henry Middleton proved to be right in his conjecture. There were drawbacks. For instance, it was singular, and a little inconvenient, that neighbouring firms became absurdly anxious about the prompt forwarding and receiving of invoices; that junior clerks came flitting in two or three times a day, eagerly enquiring if such and such an invoice were ready, or bringing invoices for goods bought a few hours Miss Vernon was engaged in expostulating with these young persons half the day; and really the difficulty she had to make them comprehend her, and to get them to go away, was something overwhelming. It was singular, too, that forwarding clerks in all the neighbouring offices became strangely modest and selfdistrustful, and were perpetually dropping in to make enquiries as to certain stations and railways, the particulars regarding which appeared in the most inexplicable manner to have escaped their memories. Miss Warwick might have been specially engaged to give them information. There seemed to be more young men in the world than there used to be, as Joseph remarked to his brother; and decidedly they appeared to be growing very plentiful. There were always several in the outer office, at all hours; there were always two or three ascending the stairs when the brothers went out; always a number on the pavement; and always a glimpse of coat-tails vanishing through the doorway, if Joseph or Henry turned at the top of the street to favour the promenaders with a second glance. brothers at first grew puzzled, and then a little angry. From the multitude of callers, from the noise and bustle, business might have been exceedingly brisk, and yet the daybook showed no perceptible increase in the number of sales, and the work was steadily falling behind.

Oppressed with these considerations, Henry the wise delivered himself thus unto Joseph the meek: f

"I can't say that I am exactly disappointed with the result of our scheme, but, at the same time, I must confess that it has, so far, scarcely realised my expectations.

"Things have not gone on exactly as I expected. Some of my ideas have been confirmed, and in some I fear I have been mistaken. I have lately bestowed the most minute observation upon the work, the manner of work, and the amount of work done by the ladies and gentlemen we employ, and have come to the conclusion that, provided they had both received the same training—that is, the same description of training, and occupied the same length of time over it-there would be no very essential difference between the work done by the two sexes. But, of course, we, as practical men of business, have to do with what is, not with what, under other circumstances, might have been. And the fact remains that they have not received the same training, and that considerable difference does exist.

"For instance, I find that the ladies in our office are more liable than our male clerks to do their work by fits and starts, and are certainly not as capable of continued unrelaxed mental application to business. This may partially arise from physical inequality, or it is possible that we have in our employ exceptions to the general rule. But such I have certainly found to be the case. Again, the former are certainly the less exact of the two. I had really some considerable difficulty in impressing upon them the vital importance of every figure, in every book, being proved to be undeniably and undoubtedly correct. I certainly am unable to find that the attention to detail, with which some persons-generally of their own sex-are so ready to credit them, is carried to any great extent into business

"On the other hand, I find my opinion that they are more amenable to direction and authority confirmed. Indeed, I find it hard, almost impossible, to rebuke them. They are so humble, and so penitent."

And so pretty—did you add, Henry? Assuredly the thought entered your mind, if it rose not to your lips. Ah, Henry, Henry, have three-score years and a bitter world-fight not yet destroyed thy youthful inability to look sternly on a beautiful face?

"There is, at least, one good point about them, and that is that they are not so eager to get home at night. I suppose the fact arises from their having no particular hobbies, no cricket or football, or athletics. They are down rather earlier in the morning, and take no longer over their luncheon, except the time wasted in getting ready to

go out, which is, of course, ridiculous. On the whole, as far as personal intercourse is concerned, they are much pleasanter to deal with, being quicker and brighter in many ways. The other drawbacks connected with them cannot, I suppose, be laid to their charge, and are no doubt unavoidable. Well, well, Joseph, we must take the good and bad together, and perhaps the balance will after all be in our favour. Three hundred and ten pounds is not to be despised, and a little training may make them all that we could desire.

#### VINES AND VINTAGERS.

WHEN the brief autumn of our moist, misty isles is growing chill, when leaves are crisping and falling, when the bright glow from the hearth is welcomed at eventime, when doors and windows are found better closed than open, there is still a bright region of sunny warmth within easy access of our shores. From where I write in the department of the Gironde—this manuscript will reach its destination in twenty-four hours, including the forced hiatus in railway communication, and delay of postal delivery. Yet I wager you have already taken stouter clothing into wear for walks abroad, while I loiter leisurely and perspiringly in summer suit, carefully choosing the shady side of a glaring, dusty road. With the closing days of September has come the bacchanalian carnival of the South of France, and far into October the fingers and lips of the vintagers will be purple-dyed with the juice of the grape.

Probably no plant requires more constant and assiduous attention than the vine; for from the pruning up to the time of the gathering of the fruit, it is exposed to numerous maladies and mischances.

With the first shoots and budding come the dangers of late frosts, and many viticultors who have not taken the precaution to accumulate heaps of dried herb and scattered wood, ranged at intervals in their vineyards ready for igniting at a moment's notice, may find their hopes ruined with the rising sun. The late frosts of the end of April, and even, sometimes, the beginning of May, generally occur at dawn, and the watchers should be in readiness to fire the various heaps; the dense smoke from which, rising in different directions, spreads canopy-like above the threatened vine, and protects it during the brief period of danger. After, when

the shoots are thriving and clothing with verdure, comes a plague of snails, caterpillars, and a host of vermin, to feast and leave ruin in their track. Unceasing and steady warfare has to be waged against these, and when the enemy may be said to be vanquished there is the dreaded oïdium to be guarded against, which is done by powdering the plant with sulphur by means of a bellows-like apparatus. Then when the bunches are in flower, that is, when each future grape is represented by a minute blossom, not unlike miniature broccoli, there is the peril of heavy rains, which will probably wash away half the promised fruit in this early stage of formation. Presuming, however, the vine to have passed triumphantly through these different periods, and that the viticultor is looking forward to a magnificent yield; that the fruit is fattening and purpling in a fashion which forebodes early ripening and abundance of wine; presuming this, there may gather a bank of darkness on the hitherto bright, calm, August horizon, which, speeding onwards, urged by the rushing blast, sweeps with a levelling storm of hail over the vineyards, cutting down everything on its path, and leaving the viticultor a poorer man by thousands of francs-even thousands of pounds, where the vineyard is vast and of a noted crû.

But the most terrible of all the devastating influences to which the vine is subject, is that of the phylloxera, a scourge which, within the last few years, has threatened the possible extinction of the vine in France. Fortunately, however, science seems to have, at last, discovered a means of checking the ravages of the desolating insect, and thousands of plants in the department of the Gironde, which were to have been sacrificed as utterly lost, have this year given signs of returning health and vigour. The successful treatment seems to have been the submersion of the vines, where this was possible; thus suffocating the millions of insects engaged in honeycombing each root. On the ridges and slopes where flooding was out of the question, an application of a composition of carbon and sulphur (sulfure de carbon) has given excellent promise of vital restoration. But in the face of these apparently sure remedies, there is great anxiety and uncertainty as to the future; and well there may be, as many vineyard proprietors are only producing twenty barrels of wine, where, a dozen years ago, they had at least a hundred.

On the light, sandy, gravelly soils, which

are admirably adapted to the growth of the grape, the vine is planted in ranks some hundred and fifty feet in length and four in width. At intervals of five feet are placed the roots, which, on the plains, are trained to grow something like a foot and a half from the ground, and then to spread their shoots on either side along a wire strained at this height from intervening supports. This system gives mathematical precision to the growth and also allows the sun to reach the branches from every direction, and the foliage, thus trained, never rises higher than between three and four feet, or over-clusters so thickly the fruit as to veil it from the ripening rays.

In the neighbourhood of rivers where there is a chance of flooding, and on ridges and slopes, the roots of the vine are planted at distances of three feet and are allowed to climb as they list, clinging to poles from eight to ten feet in height. The vineyards so ordered remind one somewhat of dwarfed hop-gardens, and as the foliage, untrammelled, flourishes in luxuriant disorder, it becomes necessary, while the branches are developing, to loop up the leafy tendrils and thus allow the sun to

penetrate.

It may also be mentioned that there are a great variety of plants; some being famous for their hardiness; others for their exquisite savour and bouquet; others for their lusciousness and abundance of juice; others for body and colouring qualities; and all requiring some special choice of soil and aspect to ensure the successful development of their various attributes. Again, the different varieties will not ripen at the same time, and the choosing of the moment for vintaging has to be nicely calculated, so as to begin with the plants that have reached prime condition, and continue in succession with those that are ready when the first have been gathered.

Let it here be understood that I am speaking especially of the vintaging of the black grapes from which the red wine is The gathering of the white obtained. varieties, that give the Sauternes and strawcoloured crûs, is altogether different. With these the vintaging commences a fortnight later than with the dark fruit, and extends over an interval of quite a month; those grapes only being gathered off a bunch which are completely ripe and toasted by Thus, in the latter instance, a vineyard is frequently gone over a dozen times; great care being taken to pluck only those grains which are done to a turn.

Charles Dickens.)

Of course there is a vast difference in the fashion of cultivating vineyards; those producing the richer and choicer crûs being tended with exceptional care, every precaution being taken to protect them from preventable mischances. The outlay, under these circumstances, is often excessive; but then, should the wine turn out excellent, there is a large and profitable return. give a notion of the outlay and income attached to viticultural enterprise, I will cite a good average vineyard of a hundred acres that may be said to be conscientiously tended.

First it may be mentioned that three unproductive years have to be passed from the planting of the slips. During the eighth year, by careful culture and constant manuring, the vine has reached its most perfect condition, and each root should yield, in good seasons, four pounds weight of grapes, and this quantity ought not to sensibly diminish till the plant has entered its twentieth year, presuming every precaution to have been taken to preserve its Well, a vineyard thus adequately tended will cost for cultivation fifteen pounds per acre, and will return a net profit of an equal amount, supposing the year to have been favourable. medium property of a hundred acres, producing good, unclassed wines, will give an income of one thousand five hundred pounds. But then it must be remembered that a frost, heavy drenching rains at the moment of flowering, a driving storm of hail, and numberless other mischances may, within a brief hour, destroy either partially or completely the promised crop. Of course in the instance of the choicer crûs the profits are proportionately much larger, a hundred acres giving a net return of five or six thousand pounds; and naturally, with the more ordinary classes, they diminish considerably in comparison.

Before leaving the question of the cultivation of the vine, it may be as well to mention that should science really be unable -notwithstanding some recent good results -to check the ravages of the phylloxera, and that the scourge should finally spread, a great portion of France must be completely ruined, and this is why. The soil which is best suited to the finer variety of grape is of a thin, sandy character, or sand and gravel mixed. Now this, even with a ruinous outlay for manure, could never be dressed to produce ordinary farm crops; and so, where vineyards now flourish, would stretch dreary unproductive wastes. For-

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tunately the phylloxera seems to prefer the stiff clayey soils that may be made otherwise useful, and as yet there are but a comparatively few indications of the "grave" lands being smitten with the pest.

During the months of June, July, and August, the rich verdure of the vineyards, covering the plains and slopes under a cloudless sunlit roof of azure, is exceedingly grateful to the eye, and it is only as the season advances that the colour begins to change. Now, the leaves are bronzing and taking a golden hue, and from beneath the variegated foliage peep the clusters of purple fruit ready for clipping. hill sides, and in the stretches of the lower lands, companies of vintagers, ranged in military order, are seen advancing through the ranks of vine. At intervals, in the rear, are overlookers, whose business it is to see that no ripe bunches of sound grapes are passed unnoticed, and also to preserve order among the joyous troop, whose Southern temperament will occasionally assert itself

Each division of vintagers is accompanied by a couple of men, who carry, knapsack-wise, a deep basket termed a "hotte," and as the gatherers fill their wooden trays, they call the basket-bearer to relieve them of their fruit. Very often, if the vintager who summons the "porte hotte" happens to be a pretty girl, he will not only take the grapes, but a kiss at the same time, and should a struggle ensue, the warning voice of the overlooker is necessary to restore order.

to the detriment of steady work.

The vineyards are intersected by a couple of avenues crossing at right angles, and in each of these is stationed a bullock-cart bearing three huge tubs, termed "douils." As the basket-bearers complete their loads, they make for the bullock-cart, and climbing a ladder placed against the wheel, empty by a stooping forward movement the contents of the hotte into one of the douils, the driver carefully levelling and gently pressing the fruit so as to admit of the greatest quantity being carried. The oxen are provided with a wicker muzzle, otherwise they would greedily feast on the bunches within their reach. When the douils of the bullock-cart are filled, it takes its way to the "cuvier" or press-house, and is replaced by another that has already discharged its load.

Some of the larger estates, such as, for instance, Lafite and Margaux in the Médoc, employ as many as four hundred vintagers for the gathering, and all of these have to be fed and lodged on the estate.

be readily understood that where there are thousands of acres of vine being vintaged at the same time, the neighbourhood is unable to furnish the necessary number of hands, and so the gatherers have to be collected from far and wide; the brief season being looked upon as a holidayouting by the greater proportion. Indeed, it may be esteemed a sybaritic period by the many, who probably during the whole course of the year are rarely fed in such generous fashion; and, besides, they may eat as many grapes as they choose, numbers only biting off the choicer fruit and casting aside as worthless the partially nibbled That they thoroughly enjoy the bunch. vintage there can be little doubt, for joyous songs in quaint patois are heard in every vineyard; when the labour of the day is finished, and supper disposed of, there is music and dancing under the wide spreading sheds.

Usually each company of vintagers has its captain, who recruits the members for work on a special vineyard, having previously arranged with the manager, and, so soon as he is summoned he must make his appearance with the troop. This is composed of men, women, girls, and grown-up children. The men receive two francs a day, the women and girls one franc, and the children fifteen sous. In addition they are fed and housed: the meals consisting of a bite of something in the morning; at midday a dinner composed of soup, meat, vegetables, bread, and as much "piquette, or ordinary wine diluted with water, as they may choose to drink. The supper is the same as the dinner, and I can vouch from experience that both are excellent; the soup, which is poured over slices of bread, being made from the choicest beef, which is afterwards served, with the flavouring carrots, turnips, cabbage, and

On all the larger estates there are buildings especially devoted to housing the vintagers, consisting generally of two floors. These floors are usually unbroken, lengthy chambers, and on either side, space being left in the centre for a passage, is spread clean straw with trusses to serve as pillows, and beneath these are placed the bundles of the lodgers; the males occupying one dormitory, the females the other.

As regards the vintagers themselves, they present an altogether different appearance to a similar class in England—hop-pickers to wit. They are not clothed in soiled garments which have reached

them from back to back, and are now but a shapeless heap of rags. The cast-off apparel of various gradations of society finds no customers, and even the poorest among them are neatly clad, according to their condition. The women and girls do not wear a frowsy, tawdry hat, which may in its brighter days have belonged to "my lady," and have reached its present owner through the agency of a slop-seller, or perhaps have been picked off a dust-heap or out of a gutter. They do not cover their shoulders with a faded, grimed shawl or greasy silk mantle; their shirts are not the miserable remnants of a dress which has had its entreé to the world of fashion; neither are their feet cased in burst, shapeless boots, that may originally have been placed lightly on a carriage step.

As with the women, so it is with the men. They are not curious collectors of fourth or fifth hand coats, which may have been cut for the shady side of the Boulevard des Italiens, but which have now reached the shadiest of conditions; their trowsers have not, at their origin, been fitted to a saunterer in the Champs Elyseés or the Bois de Boulogne; neither do they cover their heads with a crushed shapeless hat that may, in a past generation, have been raised to salute a duchess.

Let us walk through the vines and see the vintagers at their labour. The women and girls have bright-coloured kerchiefs wound about their rich dark tresses, one end being allowed to fall gracefully behind the ear. A neatly-fitting black and white striped or grey woollen jacket, shaped loosely to the form, covers the shoulders and reaches to the hips; an unsoiled collar, set off by a ribbon, circles the throat. The skirt, of the same material as the jacket, is looped up, displaying a red petticoat which does not quite fall to the ankle. Beneath is seen the clean blue and white striped stocking, fitting like a glove, and to preserve this from the friction of the wooden sabot, a stout sock is drawn over the foot. Most have bibbed aprons to protect the dress from staining by the bursting fruit. A good average of the younger women and girls are exceedingly comely, and in many instances really handsome, with their rich Southern complexions, cleanly-cut features, and bright eyes sparkling beneath long silken lashes and finely-arched brows.

The men generally wear as head-covering a blue or chocolate coloured beret, which in shape is very similar to the round flat bonnet of the Scotch; some among them prefer, as being lighter and a better protection from the sun, a broad-brimmed straw hat. The costume is almost invariably a linen blouse and loose trowsers of the same material; and even if these are occasionally patched, they are at least kept clean by frequent washing. The wooden sabot, as with the women, is the usual foot-covering for field labour. All are merry at their work, and snatches of song, bursts of laughter, and a running fire of humorous badinage, echo joyously in the summer atmosphere.

When the last load of fruit has been gathered, and the last must run into the vats, comes the final and imposing ceremony of the vintage. A huge bouquet hung about with game, and borne on the shoulders of four men, is carried to the peristyle of the chateau. This is preceded by a violin and flageolet, and followed by a delegation of male and female vintagers, who have dressed themselves in holiday attire: neat highheeled shoes with the women, and boots with the men, having replaced the sabot. Beneath the portico stands the proprietor, surrounded by his family and possibly a number of friends. The bouquet is presented with a few congratulatory words as to the successful termination of the vintage, and if the season has proved exceptionally favourable, and the yield abundant, an exceptionally liberal backsheesh is given by the owner of the estate. Then follows a rustic dance, generally one of the old French bourrées, after which, the bouquet and game are returned to the bearers amidst shouts of "Vive monsieur le comte," or "Monsieur le propriétaire," as the case may be.

Then at evening a plentiful supper is spread in a large chamber, usually the cuvier or press-house, which has been decorated with flowers and evergreens, and illuminated by lamps and lanterns for the occasion. Good sound wine is unsparingly supplied, with a liberal proportion of the finer crû. At the right moment the proprietor, with his family and friends, makes his appearance, and having accepted a glass from the president, drinks, amidst vociferous applause, to the health of all and to the next meeting. In the twinkling of an eye the tables are cleared and removed, the orchestra of violin and flageolet takes a dominating position on a platform, surmounting either a press or a pile of casks, and dancing begins. In nearly every instance the ball is opened by the proprietor and his male guests choosing partners from amidst the girls, the ladies accepting grace-

fully the invitations of the men. the first quadrille the seigneur and his friends retire, and then the vintagers, left to themselves, foot it merrily far into the night, restoring failing energy by frequent

libations from the unfailing cans.

As the evening wears on, and the wine takes effect-let it be understood there is nothing like what we should term drunkenness—the men introduce the most astounding steps, passing their feet over their partners' heads, and leaping into the air, and performing a series of cuts that might be envied by a prominent member of the ballet. Endless chains writhe and eddy in the maddest manner, the voices of the dancers accompanying the stirring measure with old patois songs. Then, as the lamps gradually burn themselves out, and the orchestra is failing in lung and muscular power, the merry party breaks up, and so, with this final roystering carnival, closes the vintagers' brief season amidst the vines.

## VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

BY THEO GIFT.

CHAPTER IV. DIPLOMACY.

JENNY felt as if her mother had snubbed her—very gently, perhaps, but still snubbed her intentionally-when she was discoursing girl-like on Lionel Ashleigh's visit, and she was right. Mrs. Dysart would not have owned for the world to caring anything for the vulgar gossip of the neighbourhood; though this time it had succeeded in reaching her ears; but the young curate's disappointment at only finding two of the family at home, and his eager glances at the door when Jenny told him that Sybil had only gone to see a poor woman and would soon be back, were not lost on the mother any more than was the slight falling off in his visits of late, or Sybil's blush at the mention of his name. few things were lost upon this quiet, pale-faced little lady, most of whose time was spent on a couch in the warmest corner of the drawing-room at Hillbrow. It is your silent, low-voiced, unexcitable women, who seem to take little interest in anything or anyone, that manage to see everything, and know what everything means, long before those who are most eager in their curiosity have so much as found out a clue to the matter in question; and she had marked that blush on Sybil's cheek once or twice before and traced it to the same cause. Long after both girls

were asleep that night she lay wide awake and thinking, thinking with that furrow of pain on her brow and in her heart, of which only parents know the full bitterness when they begin to open their eyes to the fact that the day for giving up their children's first affections is about to dawn; and when morning came she wrote a little note, and sent it off by the gardener's son to Dilworth. It only contained these words:

"DEAR FRIEND,—If you are going to be at home and alone this afternoon, send the pony-carriage over for me, and I will come and spend an hour with you. I want a quiet talk about the children .-Yours affectionately, C. Dysart.

After that she gave her orders, and read some Italian and German with Jenny: also scolded Sybil a little for neglecting her music; and insisted that she should take two hours' practise that very day.

"I gave you the best masters because I hoped to make you competent to teach, if it should ever be needed that you should," she said severely; "but I might as well have spared my money, and the selfsacrifice necessary for having it to spend, if you are to throw away all you have learnt And Sybil, who had the sweetest temper in the world, went up and kissed her, saying laughingly:

"Don't be cross, mammy. I have the flowers and chickens to attend to, and a letter to write before lunch; but after that I'll strum away as long as you please. Jenny, you and I will have a good practise and be 'not at home' to the world.

"The world of Chadleigh End!" said Mrs. Dysart, with the faintest little compression of her lips; "I hope you won't disappoint many of its votaries, my dear.' But just then the maid came in with the answer to her note, and glancing over it Mrs. Dysart added pleasantly:

"Mrs. Ashleigh wants me to go over to the Rectory for an hour this afternoon. She will send the pony-carriage for me, and desires her love to both of you. I think I

shall go." "Shall you, mamma?" said Sybil in some Usually it took a good deal longer for Mrs. Dysart to make up her mind to the exertion of a drive, even to "Then I suppose you will Dilworth. want me too?"

"Well-no," said Mrs. Dysart, looking at the note again. "Our kind friend seems not very well, and says nothing about you.

Besides, if you really are going to have an afternoon's practising --- But you may come and help me dress, dear child. I can't do without you there." And then the mother suddenly put off her brief acerbity, and drew the pretty face down to her for a kiss so tender and yearning that Sybil half wondered if anything was troubling her, and whether there really was any possibility that they, so daintily nurtured and guarded, might have to teach music for their living in after days. In her heart she thought it utterly out of the question-yes, even if the worst came to the worst, and they were left Other people orphaned and penniless. might have to work, but not she, while there was a strong arm to defend and a strong hand to labour for her; and of course Jenny would be taken care of too as her sister. No one who loved the one sister would suffer the other to want for anything; and with the thought of such love, a little dimpling smile came to the corners of her mouth; though I do not think that she gave the lover any name even then in her own heart. Whoever he was he might be relied on to do that much, she said to herself with a backward toss of her graceful little head, so mother need not trouble about their future; and indeed Mrs. Dysart herself seemed to think she had been unnecessarily sharp in the matter. She had never been kinder to her daughters than she was for the rest of that morning. It was someone else who had reason to think her the reverse of good-natured before she reached Dilworth.

The young curate, Lionel Ashleigh, had just reached the brow of the hill as Mrs. Dysart came out of her gate, in order to get into his mother's pony-carriage which was drawn up outside. He sprang forward, of course, to help her in, and they shook hands cordially as he said:

"So you are going to the Rectory. I recognised madam's clothes-basket and pony from the bottom of the hill, and wondered if she were within. I was just coming to call myself."

"Were you? Now I am sorry," said "If it was about Mrs. Dysart gently. anything in particular; but I suppose that could hardly be as we only saw you yesterday. However, get in too, and let us drive slowly. I don't like to keep your mother's pony standing; but we can talk as we go along. Was it anything about your poor people?"

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"Oh, dear no!" Lion cried, with a slight flush on his face, and drawing back a step

as if to show he did not want to detain her. "I was only looking in to enquire-I'm afraid Miss Dysart got home dreadfully late vesterday. I heard afterwards that she had stayed with old Mrs. Smith all the afternoon. It was awfully good of her. I hope she wasn't very tired.

"No, not at all," said Mrs. Dysart quietly. "She often sits all the afternoon with me, you know, when I am ill; and a little usefulness is good for girls. Well, Lion, as

you don't want me then-

"Oh, no," he broke in quickly. "Don't think of delaying for me. You go out so seldom, and I can always have a talk with

you at home.'

"Yes," the widow said, smiling; "we see each other pretty often, don't we? So I won't be polite and say 'Come in' to-day. I know your mether doesn't like the pony Have you any special being kept waiting. message for her?

"I? Oh, no," he answered, his face falling perceptibly. "Then—then the young

ladies are not at home either?"

"Well, yes, they are at home in one sense," said Mrs. Dysart pleasantly; "but they told me they should deny themselves to all visitors, as they had set their hearts on a good afternoon's practising; so you needn't feel yourself expected to ask for them.

Good-bye."

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And then she really did drive away; and Lion had nothing for it but to walk down the hill again. I daresay his parish work profited by it; but certainly he did not think Mrs. Dysart in one of her kindest moods. "An afternoon's practising!" As if that were such an important thing that it must prevent the girls from seeing him! And he had not seen Sybil yesterday; or indeed since last Sunday. She must care a great deal for her music if she could not spare half an hour from it.

A very big carriage drawn by very big horses had just reached the foot of the hill at the same time as himself; and three ladies with a great show of plumy bonnets and pale silk parasols leant forward to bow The eldest of the party followed her bow by beckoning to him; so Lionel had to smooth his brow, and go up to shake hands. It was not done very willingly.

"How do you do? You are quite a stranger, Mr. Ashleigh," Mrs. de Boonyen said in her most affable manner. "I saw your mother yesterday, and told her so. Quite a stranger. Why, it must be three or four weeks since you have been at Hapsburg."

"You forget all I have to do, and with an absent rector too," Lionel answered smiling. "I have very little time for visiting." But he felt rather a humbug when he said it, remembering how cross he had just been at having been debarred from a visit; and the eldest Miss de Boonyen seemed to know what was in his thoughts.

"Are you so hard-worked?" she said. "I thought there was not much for a clergyman to do at Chadleigh; and then you get a good deal of help, don't you? Miss Dysart-we saw you coming away from there just now-she does not seem to go out much in society; but I hear she is quite devoted to your parishioners.

Lionel felt rather uncomfortable and more than rather angry. "What the deuce did the girl mean?" he said to himself with unclerical fervour; but Miss de Boonyen's snub nose and pale eyes looked so innocent of any meaning whatever when he looked at her, that he felt inclined to laugh at his own touchiness; and, before he could answer, the second Miss de Boonyen put in hurriedly:

"Miss Dysart looks as if she could be devoted to anything good, Mary Jane; she has such a sweet face. Mamma, don't you think Miss Dysart looks very sweet?"

Horatia Maude de Boonyen was if anything shorter and plainer than her elder sister. One of her eyes had a slight cast in it, and chronic indigestion from living on over-rich food had given a puffed, unwholesome pallor to her face. Also, when she got nervous or excited, she flushed all over a dull red colour; and being somewhat taken aback at her own temerity, she was suffused with that tint now; yet Lionel, looking up at her, found the glow not unbecoming, and for the first time thought her a shade removed from absolute repulsiveness.

"If she weren't so ugly-and I don't think she is quite so hideous as her sisterthere might be something nice about that girl," he said to himself when he had at last got free, after having been worried into a promise to dine at Hapsburg Hall on the

next day but one.

Mrs. Dysart in the meantime was being driven to Dilworth, and having arrived at the Rectory was shown without delay into a pretty, comfortable, untidy drawing-room, where the rector's wife, tall and portly of person and stately of mien, rose up from an arm - chair in the bay window, and throwing down a little heap of accountbooks, took her by both hands and greeted her very cordially.

"So good of you to come over to me this way," she said, pulling forward a low chair near her. "Sit down there now, and be comfortable. I have nothing to do to-day, and it's quite a comfort to see anyone who either isn't just having or hasn't just had a new baby. The fuss they are making at the Hall over this first arrival of Victoria's istoo absurd. Margaret is crazy about it, of course, being her first grandchild; and even John, who is unassuming enough generally, looks as if he had done something wonderfully virtuous, and deserving of an Albert Memorial at the very least, in becoming a parent; while as for Sir William - my dear, he fairly bores me to death every time I see him. There's a new kind of feeding-bottle with a swivel neck-do you know it? something which will put the milk down the infant's throat even if he's standing on his head with his mouth shut, But there, Sir William will tell you all about it. He could talk of nothing else yesterday. I hope you take an interest in feeding-bottles, Clara?"

"Well, it is so long since I have had to do with things of that sort," said Mrs. Dysart, with a smile in which a keen observer might have detected some latent nervousness. She added, with a little sigh: "One has other troubles with one's children after feeding-bottle days are over which drive the latter out of one's mind."

"Ah, yes, of course. Not that I've ever troubled very much about mine at any time," Mrs. Ashleigh answered, so carelessly that if Mrs. Dysart had intended her remark to lead to any question about present troubles she must have been disappointed. "Victoria and her mother-inlaw are making a nice peck of worries for themselves over this little atom. However, they seem to enjoy it, and, after all, if a swivel-necked bottle does answer better than—— My dear, are you sure you are out of the draught there? I am going to ring for some tea."

"Quite," said Mrs. Dysart, rather shortly. She was a small, pale, delicate-featured woman, with a skin which had once been as transparently fair as her daughter's, and light brown hair banded smoothly under her widow's cap; but just now there was an almost blueish tinge in the pallor of her face; and her small, frail-looking hands were clasped together over her crape skirt with a kind of nervous quiver. "Don't ring for tea on my account," she added. "I never take it of an afternoon. No; I don't think Lionel has

given you much trouble. I hope he never will."

"Then you hope more than I do," retorted her friend. "A young man who never gave his mother any trouble would be a miracle—or a monster, and I don't think Lion is either."

"He is a very good fellow, which is better; and very popular in Chadleigh," said Mrs. Dysart warmly. Mrs. Ashleigh only laughed however.

"The Ashleigh men are all good fellows and all popular. Lion may do well enough for Chadleigh End if he's only that;

"You are more ambitious for him?" said Mrs. Dysart, with an involuntary quiver about the lips. "Well, I suppose that is not to be wondered at."

"Ambitious? Not I, or I wouldn't have let him go into the Church at all, where decidedly there isn't much to be done now-adays; and as to what it will be when the radicals get disestablishment——But don't tell the rector I said that, or he would have a bonfire made in the home meadow, and offer me up on it as an 'auto da fé' in the cause of Church and State. Ah, well, I daresay both will last his time!"

"And Lionel's too, I hope," said the

"Oh, I believe he would be rather glad if they did not. He has fads, which was a reason for my not wishing him to come here as curate to his father. Lion is too new-fangled for the rector. But there! you are making me as bad as my niece Victoria or Sir William himself; and, after all, you ought to know more of the boy's ideas than I do, now that you 'sit under' him."

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"I don't often get as far as church, however," said Mrs. Dysart.

"No; but by his showing you see more of him than do most of his church-going parishioners," retorted her friend, pausing in the act of pouring out tea, to look the widow keenly in the eyes for one second. Mrs. Dysart returned the look with calmness. It seemed to do her good.

"Yes," she said quietly; "if he were to see all his friends as often as he does us, I should not think there was much to be done in the parish. Not but what he is always very welcome."

"Don't let him bore you, however," said Mrs. Ashleigh, looking away again to add another lump of sugar to her tea. "John bores me dreadfully at times. Why are eldest sons invariably the dullest of the family? I often feel inclined to say, 'Go away do,' when he comes in here for a duty call, and stays an hour or more

prosing."

"I believe I said that to Lionel to-day, though not because he bores me," replied the widow. "He was just coming up to call on us as I was starting for here, but I didn't like to keep the pony standing, and I knew the girls wanted a quiet afternoon for their music, so I was inhospitable and sent him away.

"At which I daresay he was very cross, said Mrs. Ashleigh, laughing. "I am glad to hear, though, that the girls are so devoted to their music. I'm afraid I usen't to be as

much so in my young days.

"I don't think they are in general; but I was speaking to them about it rather seriously this morning. It was a thing their dear father laid great stress on; and if Sybil were to go to Lord Dysart's——"

"But I thought you told me you never meant to let her go there, that they were a very fast set altogether, and his niece, - what's her name?-the one who Ladydoes the honours—just the sort of woman

you and I most dislike."

"So I did; but he has written about it twice; and, with my weak health, you must acknowledge, Rose," Mrs. Dysart's tone became suddenly plaintive here, "that I can't help feeling anxious about my children's future when I think that I may be called on to leave them before they are settled in life, and it does not seem wise

to throw away friends."

"I don't think you need worry yourself on that score," said Mrs. Ashleigh cheer-There seemed something unkind in the persistent cheerfulness of the rector's wife to-day, or Mrs. Dysart thought so. "Pretty, lady-like girls will always make friends anywhere; and I hope you will be spared to them for many a long day yet. I see what it is, though, Clare," she added in a jesting tone; "you are beginning to repent of having treated those dear De Boonyens so unmercifully; and indeed I think you have cause-

"The corn-plaister people!" cried Mrs. Dysart, with that sudden compression of lip and erectness of head which Chadleigh people found so obnoxious in her. "Thank you! I don't think I should seek friends for my girls there! Not but"a sudden glance at her hostess, and a markedly apologetic change of tone—"that I am sure they are very nice, worthy people in their way: very much so, of course."

Mrs. Ashleigh nodded more cheerfully than ever. "I call them dear creatures, "Corn-plaister people! she answered. My dear soul, you haven't imbibed Lion's radical ideas, or you wouldn't say that. There are very few ills in life that plaisters, when made of gold, won't heal; and there really is no humbug about that balm. My maid swears by it; and would like, I believe, to drop a grateful curtsey to young De Boonven every time he comes here. Do you know he will have nine or ten thousand a year? Why, any girl would be glad to have him. My dear Clara, you are too proud in these matters. I daresay you would find him a charming fellow if you only knew him.

"Possibly. I do not know, however, that I care to do so at present," said Mrs. Dysart coldly. She added, with the anxious look a little more defined in her eyes: "They are friends of yours, though. I had forgotten that. You see a good deal of them, don't you?"

"Yes; they are very kind in calling here; and upon my word I don't altogether dislike the second girl. She's a modest, humble little thing, and might be good for something if anyone would take the trouble to give her a little training."

"And are you thinking of doing so, Rose ?" Mrs. Dysart asked, with an almost too great an appearance of carelessness, as

she began to button on her gloves. Her face was paler now than when she first came in. Her friend opened her eyes.

"Well, not exactly. I don't know for one thing that she would care to let me; though she looks docile enough, poor thing, and I own I do like to have a girl about me. That reminds me that I have been going to ask you to spare Sybil to me for a little. It is a long while since she has been here; and "-with a slight smile-"I would keep her closely to her-music."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dysart quietly. She was standing up now and ready to go. "I daresay Sybil would like it very much if I could manage it; but she has been looking rather pale of late; and when Lord

Dysart last wrote-

"Oh, if you are thinking of sending her to Lord Dysart's, don't let me stand in the way," Mrs. Ashleigh put in quickly. "I daresay it will be much better for her."

Mrs. Dysart looked at her rather earnestly. "I don't," she said in a very gentle voice-"not if you really want her. you, Rose ?"

"I shouldn't ask her if I did not. Didn't

I tell you that I wanted a girl about me?"

"Yes; but you spoke of Miss de Boonyen, and there might be reasons—— I would really prefer that you asked her now."

"And I would really prefer the contrary. Besides, if I did, Lion would never come near me all the time she was here; and would bore you more than ever."

"My dear Rose! I never said Lion bored me."

"No; but he must have been rather a frequent visitor, or you wouldn't have had to send him away to-day; and, in charity to you, I would like to find an attraction to bring him here instead. Ah, yes, I know I spoil him; but that's a way with mothers I fear. Then you will let Sybil come to me before long?"

She said this after a pause, as if it had nothing to do with the rest of the sentence; and with her hand in her friend's by way of farewell. Something in the latter's small pale face and feverish eyes, however, touched her; and the next minute she bent her head, exclaiming, as they kissed one another:

"Clara, you make difficulties for yourself by over-anxiety. You always did. Haven't I often said that I envied you your two girls when I have none of my own, and that I should like to steal Sybil, and make a daughter of her? And you're not going to pretend that she isn't fond of us."

"No; for I am very sure that she is," said Mrs. Dysart gravely. "But if it should be a mistake to encourage it now; if you should have wishes which——"

"It will not be a mistake; and I have no wishes. Let Sybil alone, and don't spoil her by sending her to Lord Dysart's, to be turned into a fast young woman of the period with a sky-terrier's fringe and a waterman's jersey. I should be expecting next to hear of her photograph in the Londonshops, taken sprawling in a hammock or making eyes over a muff."

"You need not be afraid. There is nothing of the fashionable beauty in my little Sybil. Good-bye, Rose, and—don't laugh at me for being anxious about my

children. They are all I have left, remember, and they are so much to me."

"And what do you suppose mine is to me, who have only one?" Mrs. Ashleigh put in with sudden heat. "But I fancied we had both seen plainly enough how things were going, and had come to the conclusion not to interfere; more especially as it would most likely be no good if we did."

"If you are content, I am, most certainly," said Mrs. Dysart quickly; and then she pressed her friend's hand, and went away with something very like tears in her cold grey eyes, and a softened look about the mouth. Mrs. Ashleigh stood looking after her.

"What an odd woman Clare is," she thought to herself. "But she was always the same as a girl! When she had set her heart on anything, no matter how straightforward or trifling, she never minded how much planning and contriving she devoted to getting at it indirectly, instead of going up and asking for it like other girls. if I were blind! But I suppose she has heard the rumour that those people are setting their caps at Lion, and got nervous lest I should approve of it. Poor dear I wonder if she got things out of her husband in the same way. I'm glad Sybil takes after him. I don't think Lion would like a too clever wife. He is downright enough, dear old boy! Well, I suppose Clare's mind is easier now."

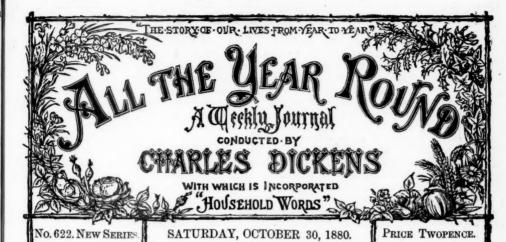
And, indeed, when Mrs. Dysart got home, she told the girls she had had a very pleasant drive and chat with her old friend, and felt all the better for it.

"And no one called the whole afternoon; so we weren't required to say 'not at home' once, mamma," said Jenny. "You were right in your joke about it, but it was rather

disappointing to Sybil."

"Poor Sybil! Was it? Let us hope someone will console her by calling tomorrow, since she is so fond of visitors," said Mrs. Dysart, stroking back Sybil's hair with a slow loving touch. She made no mention, however, either then or afterwards, of having sent one visitor away; and the girls never suspected it.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIXEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. "LOVE IS A THING, AS ANY SPIRIT, FREE."

PAST a garden or two and a few cottages; a long garden wall with heavy coping, shutting in treasures of fruit and vegetables; an old inn; a new school-house, built at the corner of a lane shaded by as stately an avenue of elms as any nobleman need desire for the approach to his mansion; and yet mansion there is none. The lane is only an accommodation road leading to somebody's farm. A youthful monitor is trying to drill some small boys in front of the school-porch, and the small boys are defying him; whereat a shrill-voiced woman, unseen in the interior of the school, calls out an occasional word of reproof. the houses in the little village belong to the past; they have the grace of a day that is dead. In a farm garden a buxom servant, with kilted petticoat, is feeding a family of gigantic hens and chickens with something thick and slab out of an iron

Daphne and her companions felt that there could have been little change since the old romantic Elizabethan time. The village lay off the beaten tracks. Three or four modern houses, scattered about here and there in spacious gardens, were the only additions time had made to Shottery.

They walked briskly along the narrow road, across the bridge where the shallow streamlet came tumbling picturesquely over grey stones. Then a few paces, and before them stood the little block of cottages

which genius has transformed into a temple. Whether the building was originally one house, it were difficult to decide. levels are different; but a variety in levels was the order of that day. The whole block is a timber-framed structure —a panelled house, the panels filled with dab and wattle. Jutting casements, diamond-paned, look out upon an ancient garden and an ancient well. Beside the house and garden there is an old old orchard, where on this day a couple of sheep were placidly nibbling the sweet grass. The cottage is almost smothered in greenery. Honeysuckle, jasmine, hang about the walls as if they loved them. The old timber porch is curtained with

The South Hill carriage was waiting in the lane. The basket had been duly delivered over to Mrs. Baker. She was standing at the door awaiting them with a smiling welcome.

"So glad to see you, ladies. The kettle's on the boil, and you can have your tea as soon as you please."

"Thanks, you dear thing," cried Daphne,
but isn't it almost sacrilege to drink tea
in his room?"

"It isn't everybody I'd let do it, miss; not any of those Americans; though I must say they're uncommonly civil, and know more about Shakespeare than the common run of English do; and are more liberal in their ways too," added Mrs. Baker, with a lively remembrance of half-crowns from Transatlantic visitors.

"Mrs. Baker," began Daphne in a solemn tone, laying a little primrose-gloved hand lightly on the collar of Gerald's coat, "you see this man?"

"Yes, miss; and a very nice-looking

gentleman for anybody to look at," answered Mrs. Baker smirkingly, making up her mind that the tall dark-eyed gentleman must belong to one or other

of the two young ladies.

"He may be nice to the outward eye," said Daphne gravely, "but he is dust and ashes inside. He is anathema maranatha; or he ought to be, if there were anybody in Warwickshire who knew how to anathematise him properly. He lives in this county—within twelve miles of this house—and he has never been to see the ingle-nook where Shakespeare courted his wife. I'm afraid it won't make the faintest impression upon his callous mind, when I tell him that you are a lineal descendant of the Hathaways, and that this house has never been out of a Hathaway's possession since Shakespeare's time."

"I appreciate the lady for her own sake, and don't care a jot for her ancestry,"

answered Gerald.

They followed Mrs. Baker into the houseplace, where all was cool and shadowy after the glare of sunshine outside. It was a low but somewhat spacious room, with casements looking back and front; recessed casements, furnished with oaken seats, one of which was known as the lovers' seat; for here, the lovers of the present day argued by analogy, William and Ann must have sat to watch many a sunset, and many a moonlit sky. Here they must have whispered their foolish lovers' talk in the twilight, and shyly kissed at parting. The fire-place was in a deep recess, a roomy ingle-nook where half-a-dozen people could have gathered comfortably round the broad open hearth. On one side was a cupboard in the wall, known as the bacon-cupboard; on the other the high-backed settle. Opposite the fire-place there was a noble old dresser polished oak or mahogany-with turned legs and a good deal of elaborate carpentry: a dresser which was supposed to be Elizabethan, but which was suggestive rather of the Carolian period. The dark brown panels made an effective background for an old willow dinner-service.

Daphne made Mr. Goring explore every inch of the house which Mrs. Baker was able conveniently to show. She led him up a break-neck little staircase, showed him lintels and doorposts, and locks and bolts, which had been extant in Shakespeare's time; made him admire the queer little carved four-poster which was older than the poet's epoch; and the old fine

linen sheet, richly worked by patient fingers, which had been in the family for centuries, only used at a birth or a death. She excused him from nothing; and he bore the infliction with calm resignation, and allowed her to lead him back to the house-place in triumph.

Madoline and Edgar Turchill were sitting in the lover's seat, talking, after having unpacked the basket, and made all preparation for tea, assisted by Mrs. Baker's

modest handmaiden.

"Now, Mr. Goring," said Daphne, when she and Gerald and the old lady had rejoined the others, "how do you feel about

that Channel Island cow?"

"Oh, I am content," answered Gerald, laughing at her. "I submit to the extortion; you carry matters with such a high hand, that if you were to demand all my flocks and herds I should hardly feel surprised."

"Mrs. Baker," said Daphne, with a business-like air, "this gentleman is going

to give you a cow."

"Oh, miss, you don't mean it, surely!" murmured Mrs. Baker, overcome with

confusion.

"Yes; a lovely fawn-coloured, hazeleyed Alderney. Don't refuse her. He can as well afford to give you a cow as I can to give you a neck-ribbon. When would you like the animal sent home? To-morrow morning? Yes, of course; to-morrow morning. You hear, Mr. Goring? And now you may consider yourself forgiven, and I'll show you the visitors'-book and all

the interesting autographs."

It was the merriest tea-party imaginable by-and-by. Mrs. Baker's best pembroke table had been brought into the middle of the room; her best tea-pot and cups and saucers were set out upon it. Cakes and hothouse fruit had been liberally supplied by Mrs. Spicer. Daphne whispered in her sister's ear a request that Mrs. Baker might be invited to join them, to which Madoline nodded a smiling assent. Was not the descendant of the Hathaways a lady, by right of her gentle manners and ancient descent. She belonged to a class that is an honour to the land—the honest independent yeoman who tills the soil his forefathers cultivated before him. The birth and death sheet in the oak-chest upstairs was like a patent of nobility. And yet perhaps not one of these agricultural Hathaways had ever enjoyed as large an income as a first-class mechanic in a manufacturing town-a man I who dies, and leaves not a rap behind him

to show that he was once respectable. They had been upheld in their places by the pride of race, which the mechanic knows

Mrs. Baker was installed in the place of honour in front of the tea-tray, and asked everyone in her nice old-fashioned way whether their tea was to their liking. Upon being coaxed to talk she told stories about the defunct Hathaways, and explained how the house that had once been all one dwelling-place had come to be divided.

It was Daphne and she who supplied the conversation. The two young men looked on amused. Edgar openly admiring the bright changeful face under the little Swiss hat. Lina content that her sister should be so innocently glad.

"Oh, how happy I am!" cried Daphne suddenly, in a pause of the talk, clasping her hands above her head in a kind of

ecstasy. "If it could only last!" "Why should it not last?" asked Edgar,

in his matter-of-fact way.

Gerald looked at her gravely, with a Yes; this was the girl puzzled look. who had stood in the dazzling sunshine beside the lake at Fontainebleau, in whose hand he had read the forecast of an evil fate.

"Heavenhelpher!" he thought. "She is so impulsive-such a creature of the moment. How is such an one to travel safely through the thorny ways of life? Happily there seems little fear of thorniness for her footsteps. Here is my honest Turchill dying for her-and just the kind of man to make her an excellent husband, and give the lie to palmistry. Yet it seems a commonplace fate; almost as vulgar as the Italian warehouse in Oxford Street."

He sat musing thus in the lazy afternoon atmosphere, and watching Daphne with something of an artistic rather than an actually friendly interest. It seemed a shallow nature that must be always expressing itself in speech or movement. There could be no depth of thought allied with such vivacity-keenness of feeling, perhaps, but for the moment only. Nobody was in a hurry to leave the cottage. Tea-drinking is of all sensualities the most intellectual. The mind is refreshed rather than the body. There was nothing coarse in the meal. The golden tinge of the almond pound-cake—a master-work of Mrs. Spicer's-contrasted with the purple bloom of grapes and bluegages, the olive tint of ripe figs.

"We are making such a tremendous meal that I'm afraid we shall none of us do

justice to my mother's dinner," remonstrated Edgar at last, "and that will make her miserable."

"A quarter to seven," said Gerald, stealing a glance at a little effeminate watch. "Don't you think it is time we should descend from this Shakespearian

empyrean to common earth?"

This was the signal for a general move. The heavy, comfortable-looking old carriagehorses had been walked up and down in shady places, while the portly coachman dozed on his box, and the more vivacious footman anathematised the flies. And now the landau bowled briskly along the smooth high road to Hawksyard, containing as cheerful a quartette as ever went out to

Madoline was delighted to see her sister so happy, delighted at Edgar's obvious devotion. She had no doubt that his love would be rewarded in due course. It is in a woman's nature to be grateful for such honest affection, to be won by such

disinterested love.

The brazen hands of the old clock at Hawksyard indicated a quarter to eight as the carriage drove across the bridge, and under the arched gateway into the quadrangular garden, with its sunk pathways, and shallow steps and border-lines of crumbling old stone. Mrs. Turchill was standing on the threshold—a dignified figure in a grey poplin gown and old thread-lace cap and ruffles—ready to re-ceive them. She gave Madoline her blandest smile, and was tolerably gracious to the rival who had spoiled her son's chances; but she could not bring herself to be cordial to Daphne. Her silk bodice became as rigid as an Elizabethan corset when she greeted that obnoxious damsel. She had a shrewd suspicion that it was for her sake the fatted calf had been killed, and all the available cream in the dairy squandered upon sweets and made dishes, with a reckless disregard of next Saturday's butter-making. Yet as Daphne shyly put out her hand to accept that cold greeting, too sensitive not to perceive the matron's unfriendliness, Mrs. Turchill could but own to herself that the minx was passing lovely. The brilliant grey eyes, shadowed with darkest lashes; the dark brows and golden hair; the complexion of lilies and roses; the sensitive mouth; the play of life and colour in a face that varied with every thought—yes; this made beauty which even Mrs. Turchill could not deny.

"Handsome is that handsome does,"

thought the dowager. "Heaven forbid that my boy should trust the happiness of his

life to such a butterfly."

Inwardly rebellious, she had nevertheless done her duty as a good housekeeper. The old oak-dadoed drawing-room was looking its prettiest, brightened by oriental jars and bowls of bright commonplace flowers. The silver chandelier and fire-irons were resplendent with recent polishing. diamond-paned lattices were opened to admit the scent of heliotrope and mignonette from the garden on the other side of the moat; while one deeply-recessed window, looking into the quadrangle, let in the perfume of the old-world flowers Francis Bacon loved.

Edgar insisted upon showing Daphne the house during the ten minutes before

"You have only been here once," he said, "and my mother did not show you

anything."

After the two girls had taken off their hats in the state bed-chamber next the drawing-room-a room whose walls were panelled with needlework executed by an ancestress of Edgar's in the reign of Charles the First-they all went off to explore the house; ascending a steep secret stair which they entered from a door in the panelling of the dining-room; exploring long slippery corridors, and queer little rooms that opened mysteriously out of other rooms; and triangular dressing-closets squeezed into a corner between a chimney and an outer wall; laughing at the old furniture: the tall toppling four-post bedsteads; the sagegreen tapestry; the capacious old grates, or still older brazen dogs; the inimitable Dutch tiles.

"It must be heavenly to live in such a funny old house," cried Daphne, as they came cautiously down the black oak staircase, slippery as glass, pausing to admire a ramshackle collection of Indian curios and Japanese pottery on the broad window ledge half way down.

"If you would only try it!" murmured Edgar close in her ear, and looking ineffably

sheepish as he spoke.

Again the all-significant words fell un-She skipped lightly down the remaining stairs, protesting she could get accustomed to them in no time.

"So light a foot will ne'er wear out the

everlasting flint," said Gerald.
"Didn't I tell you so. You can't live without quoting him," cried Daphne triumphantly.

The dinner went off merrily. It was a capital dinner in a good old English style, ponderous but excellent. There were none of those refinements which distinguished the board over which Mrs. Ferrers presided. The attempts at elegance smacked of a banished era. A turbot decorated with sliced lemon and barberries; a befrilled haunch, exhibiting its noble proportions in a heavy silver dish; a super-abundance of creams and jellies and trifles and syllabubs; an elaborate dessert lying in state on the side-board, to be slowly and laboriously transferred to the polished oak after the cloth was drawn; and the coachman to help wait at table. The whole thing was rustic and old-fashioned, and Edgar was afraid Daphne was secretly turning it all into ridicule. Yet she seemed happy, and she said so much in praise of Hawksyard and of the perfect order in which the house was kept, that Mrs. Turchill's heart began to soften towards her.

"You seem fond of the country, and of countrified ways, Miss Daphne," said the matron relentingly. "Yet I should have thought a young lady like you would have been pining for London, and balls, and

theatres."

"I never was at a dance in my life," answered Daphne, "and only once at a theatre, and that was the great operahouse in Paris. I don't think I should ever care to go to a meaner theatre. thoughts went up so high that night, I shouldn't like to let them down again by seeing trumpery."

"The London theatres are very nice," said Mrs. Turchill, not quite following Daphne's idea. "But they are rather warm in summer. Yet one likes to go up to town in the height of the season: There

is so much to see.

"Mother's constitution is cast-iron when she gets to London," said Edgar. "She is up at six every morning, and goes to the picture-galleries as soon as the doors are opened; and does her morning in Hyde Park; and her afternoon in Regent Street, shopping, or staring in at the shop windows; and eats her dinner at the most crowded restaurant I can take her to; and winds up at the theatre. I believe she'd accept a lobster-supper in the Haymarket if I were to offer one."

"Has Miss Daphne never been in

London?" asked Mrs. Turchill.

"Oh, please don't call me Miss. I am never anything but Daphne to my friends,"

"You are very kind," answered Mrs. Turchill, stiffening; "but I don't think I could take so great a liberty with you, on such a short acquaintance.

"Short acquaintance!" echoed Daphne, laughing. "Why you must have known me when I was in my cradle."

Mrs. Turchill grew suddenly red, as if

the idea were embarrassing.

"I was invited to your christening," she said; "but — afterwards — there were circumstances - Sir Vernon was so often We did not see much of you."

"If you wish me to feel at home at Hawksyard you must call me Daphne,

please," said the girl gently.

Mrs. Turchill did not wish her to feel at home at Hawksyard; yet she could not refuse compliance with so gracious a request.

The ladies rose to retire, Edgar opening

the door for them.

"Do you want any more wine, Turchill ?" asked Gerald.

"No, not particularly; but you'll try that other claret, won't you?"

"Not a drop of it. I vote we all adjourn

to the garden.

So they all went out together, into the twilit quadrangle where the old-fashioned flowers were folding their petals for night and slumber, while the moon was rising above a cluster of stone chimneys. Turchill walked once round the little enclosure, discoursing graciously Madoline, and then confessed to feeling chilly, and being afraid of the night air; although a very clever doctor, with somewhat new-fangled ideas, had told her that the air was as good by night as by day, provided the weather were dry.

"I think I'll go indoors and sit in the drawing-room till you come in to tea," "I hope you won't think me she said.

rude."

Madoline offered to go with her, but this Mrs. Turchill would not allow.

"Young people enjoy a moonlight stroll," she said; "I liked it myself when I was your age. There's no occasion for any of you to hurry. I shall amuse myself with the Times. I haven't looked at it

yet."

The four being left together naturally divided themselves into two couples. Gerald and Lina seemed fascinated by the flowery quadrangle, with its narrow walks, and ancient dial, on which the moon was They strolled slowly up and now shining. down the paths; or lingered beside the dial; or stood looking down at the fishpond.

Daphne's restless spirit soon tired of these narrow bounds.

"Is there nothing else to look at?" she

"There are the stables, and the dairy, and the farm-yard. But you must see those by daylight; you must come here for a long day," said Edgar eagerly. "Would you like to see the garden on the other side of the moat ?"

"Above all things."

"It is very flat," said Edgar apologetically.

"All the better for tennis."

"Yes, the lawn would make a magnificent tennis-ground. We might have eight courts if we liked. But it is a very commonplace garden after South Hill."

"Don't apologise. I am sure it is nice; a dear old-fashioned sort of garden-hollyhocks, and sun-flowers, and things."

"My old gardener is rather proud of his

hollyhocks.

"Precisely; I knew he would be. that horrid MacCloskie will hear of nothing but the newest inventions in flowers. He gives us floral figures in Euclid; floral hearth-rugs sprawling over the lawn, as if one of the housemaids had taken out a Persian rug to dust it, and had forgotten to take it in again. He takes tremendous pains to build up beds like supper-dishes, ornamental salads, don't you know, and calls that high-art gardening. I would rather have your hollyhocks and sunflowers, and the old-fashioned scented clematis climbing about everywhere in a tangled mass of sweetness."

"I'm glad you like antiquated gardens,"

said Edgar.

They went under the archway, which echoed the sound of their footsteps, and round by a gravel walk to the spacious lawn, and the long border which was the despair of the gardeners when they tried to fill it, and which yet provided flowers enough to keep all the sitting-rooms bright and sweet with summer bloom. The moon was high above Hawksyard by this time: a glorious harvest moon, pouring down her golden light upon tree and flower, and giving intensity to the shadows under the The waters of the most looked black, save where the moonbeams touched them; and yonder under the tall spreading walnut boughs the gravel-walk was all in shadow.

Daphne paced the lawn, disputing as to how many courts one might have on such an extensive parallelogram. She admired the height of the hollyhocks, and regretted that their colour did not show by moonlight. The sun-flowers appeared to better

advantage.

"What awful stories poets tell about them," said Daphne. "Just look at that brazen-faced creature, smirking at the moon; just as if she had never turned her face sunwards in her life."

Edgar was in a sentimental mood, and inclined to see things from a sentimental

point of view.

"It mayn't be botanically true," he said, "but it's a pretty idea, all the same;" and then he trolled out in a fine baritone:

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close; As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

"What's the use of singing that when you know it isn't true ?" cried Daphne contemptuously. "Do you suppose a stiffnecked thing like that, with a stalk half an inch in diameter, could turn and twist from east to west every day, without wringing its head off? The idea is obviously absurd. What lovely old walnut-trees!" she exclaimed, looking across the lawn. "Centuries upon centuries old, are they not?"

"I believe they were planted soon after George the Third came to the throne."

"Is that all? They look as old as the Wrekin."

They strolled across the wide lawn, and in among the shadows of the old trees. The cows were moving stealthily about in the meadow on the other side of the fence, as if sleep were the last thing they ever thought of.

"And you really like Hawksyard?"

demanded Edgar earnestly.

"Like it! I think it quite the most delicious place I ever saw. Those high dadoes; those deep-set stone-mullioned windows; those eccentric little bedrooms; that secret staircase, so sweetly suggestive of high treason! The whole place is so thoroughly original."

"It is one of the few moated granges left in England," said Edgar with conscious

merit.

"It is quite too lovely."

"Daphne, do you really mean what you say?" he asked with sudden intensity. "Are you only talking like this to please me—out of kindness?

"If I have a fault it is a habit of blurting out what I think, without reference

to other people's feelings. I am thoroughly in earnest about Hawksyard."

"Then be its mistress," exclaimed Edgar, taking her hand, trying to draw her towards him; "be queen of my house, darling, as you have long been sovereign mistress of my heart. Make me the happiest man that ever yonder old roof sheltered—the proudest, the most entirely blest. Daphne, I am not poetical, or clever. I can't find many words, but—I love you—I love you."

She laughed in his face: a clear and silvery peal - laughed him to absolute scorn; yet without a touch of ill-nature.

"My dear Edgar, this is too much," she cried. "A few months ago you were fondly, devotedly, irrevocably in love with Don't you remember how we sympathised that afternoon in the meadows? This is the sunflower over again—first to the sun, and then to the moon. No, dear Edgar, never talk to me of love. I have a real honest regard for you. I respect you. I trust you as my very brother. It would spoil all, if you were to persist in talking nonsense of this kind."

She left him, planted there-still as a statue-frozen with mortification, humilia-

tion, despair.

He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small Who dares not put it to the touch, To win or lose it all.

He had tried his fate-hopefully, confidently even—lured on by her deceptive sweetness: and all was lost.

She had run lightly off, she was on the other side of the lawn, before he stirred from the attitude in which she left him: his hands clenched, his head bent, his eyes staring stupidly at the gravel walk.

"She does not care a straw for me," he said to himself, "not a straw. And I thought she had grown fond of me-I

thought I had but to speak."

A friendly hand touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was Gerald, the man for whom Fate had reserved all good things: unbounded talents, unbounded wealth, the love of a perfect woman.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Gerald heartily. "Forgive me if I heard more than you intended me to hear. Mrs. Turchill sent me in quest of you and Daphne, and I

came up-just as you-

"Just as I made an ass of myself," interrupted Edgar. "It doesn't matter. I don't a bit mind your knowing. I have no pride of that kind. I am proud of loving her, even in vain."

[October 30, 1830.]

"Don't be down-hearted, man. A girl of that kind must be played as an expert angler plays a frisky young salmon. She has refused you to-night; she may accept you three months hence."

"She laughed at me," said Edgar, with

deepest despondency.

"It is her disposition to laugh at all things. You must have patience, man, patience and persistence. 'My love is but a lassie yet.' Thy beloved one still delights in the green fields; her tender neck cannot bear the yoke. Wait, and she will turn to thee—as—as the sunflower turns to the sun," concluded Gerald, having vainly sought a better comparison.

"It doesn't," cried Edgar dejectedly.

"That is what we have just been talking about. The sunflower is a beastly humbug."

# ON THE ROAD IN FRANCE. THE CONTRE-MAÎTRE.

ONE contrast strikes even a casual observer in comparing provincial France and England. While in England wealth delights in showing itself, in rolling about in wellappointed equipages, in spreading itself out upon lawns, and coming clattering out of lodge-gates, in France it remains modestly hidden. On the country roads, the doctor's cabriolet, with its rusty-coated horse, is, as a rule, the most splendid vehicle to be seen; while at the stations, instead of the customary English group of carriages, servants, dog-carts, and led-horses, one sees only the battered omnibus and an odd farmer's cart. But at the station where we alight for Bolbec, now the real capital of the cotton district, all this is changed. Here are family carriages, with livery servants in attendance; here are pony-carriages, waiting for fair charioteers; here is a general air of briskness and well-being.

It is rather startling to find that our manufacturing town is three miles away from the station: three miles of steep hill travelling; three miles to haul coals and bales of cotton; three miles to carry yarns and twists, calicoes, and all the rest. Still, a railway is being made in a leisurely kind of way, and there is the Seine not far off; altogether, here is a place with a future. In the meantime we must be content with the omnibus, where the past is represented by a stout somnolent abbé ensconced in one Opposite to him is the boy who fetches the cheap journals from the station; quite wide awake, this one, and ready to do business. Perhaps the good abbé is

only shamming sleep, that he may keep his eyes shut to the profanities of the cheap press. Certainly there is little love lost between the cheap press and the clergy. Opening the local halfpenny daily published at Rouen, the eye is first attracted by the heading, "The Clergy before the Criminal Courts," with a monthly schedule of offences committed, and punishments incurred, by the ecclesiastical body generally. The Paris halfpenny Petit Journal, which is trying to push its circulation in the rural districts, is of neutral shade; but not on that account is it in better favour with the priests. read a newspaper at all is a sign of a hardened heart. Not long ago in a country parish, one Sunday morning, the curé and his devout parishioners were having a grand procession. There were golden copes and chasubles, acolytes, thurifers, and all the rest, forming a brilliant head to a long-winding tail. The school-children, bareheaded in the hot sun; girls in white, bearing banners; a few men in respectable black; and a long train of women in Paisley shawls; all intoning more or less nasally a Latin hymn. Round the corner briskly came the newspaper-boy, a great sheaf of papers under his arm, bawling loudly his wares. "A genoux," cried the vicaire, who headed the procession, aghast, waving his arms like mill-sails. But the naughty newspaper-boy wouldn't go down on his knees. Then he was hunted into a corner by priests and churchwardens, his cap snatched away, forced to do penance on his pile of The procession moved on, but the papers. youth, though yielding to physical force, had still a spirit unsubdued, and mingled with the Latin hymn might still be heard his defiant cry: "Le p'tit journal de un sous."

So far we have had nothing but country fields, and farmlands, and feathery elms, with lines of cattle feeding here and therebut a steep descent brings us in sight of a respectable cluster of tall chimneys. The abbé wakes up, as the omnibus begins to rattle wildly over the stones. It is a brisk little town this, with statues and public fountains, and a generally prosperous air. All about are handsome factories, many of them newly built - not huge manywindowed piles, but spread over the ground, with grass-plots and flower-beds among the workaday buildings. But you cannot remain long in Bolbec without recognising that the Carabas interest is powerful there. Yes; wherever you go you are reminded of the existence of this powerful family-or

rather, to speak more accurately, of the combined families of Carabas and Lemeunier. The new street is Rue Lemeunier; the hospital is the Hospice Carabas-Lemeunier; the big château on the hill is occupied by Madame Carabas-Lemeunier; and three parts of the factories in the town belong either to the Carabas, to the Lemeuniers, or to the conjoint family. They are all cotton people; all their wealth came out of the little beck which gives its name to the town; they have spun cotton into gold, and turned their looms to weaving banknotes. A powerful family like this is above small jealousies. Permission to visit their

factories is readily obtained.

There was a foundation of wisdom in the comparison between Monmouth and Macedon. Places are marvellously alike, the differences superficial, the resemblance ingrain; and when it comes to cotton-mills, it is difficult to find anything to say in Normandy that will not apply to Lancashire. But there is a certain elegance in the ensemble of the French factory; the machinery is all English or Scotch-except the motive power, which is from Rouenbut it is all excellently cared for; everything is made bright that is capable of brightness, and there is a noticeable absence of dirt and dust. And the workpeople give a favourable impression—especially the women. Hard out-door work and scanty fare, continued for generations, have deprived the females of the cultivator class of much claim to personal charms. But among these young women, where life is passed under less hard conditions-with warmth, shelter, and sufficient food-feminine attractions display themselves freely. And there are children, too, in this town: shock-headed little rascals, and small coquettes of the size of your thumb: real full-sized families, filling the cottages to the brim and overflowing upon the pavement. After this it is not a surprise to learn that these cotton towns are an exception to the general rule in France of a stationary or declining population. One might think that race had something to do with it, looking to the fair women and flaxen-haired children; or religion, for this is the head-quarters of Protestantism; but other causes must be at work. For the Norman peasant is as Teutonic in type as the workman; and yet in the agricultural districts population is actually diminishing to a rather alarming extent; while it is the Breton peasant

tinctly Celtic, who still goes on, with his quiver full and his pockets empty, in the old-fashioned way.

It is now breakfast-time, nine to halfpast, the engine has stopped, and the whirl of spindles has ceased. And here, reclining on grassy banks or seated on the pavement under the trees, the workpeople, such of them as come from any distance, are making their morning meal; something in the way of soupe à l'ognon or a purée of haricot-beans, eaten out of brown earthenware pans which have been warmed up on the premises, with a good slice of bread, and a draught of cider out of a narrow-

necked full-bodied jug.

Farther up the valley, among the green well-wooded downs, is a large cotton-printing establishment - still the Carabas-Lemeunier property. One expects more entertainment at a printworks; there are patterns surely and colours, and none of that ear-splitting whirl and whizz of the manufacturing process. But here there is mystery and caution. All is not to be shown. There are doors that must not be unlocked, and there is a kind of glass pavilion surrounded by an expanse of green lawn, where certain imprisoned spirits are at work engraving cylinders of brass, and about these is an impenetrable cordon, for there you have the patterns of the future. Over against the great printing establishment is a pleasant-looking little auberge, perched up among some trees, promising rest and refreshment. But the outside promise is scarcely redeemed by the interior performance. The floor of the café is of brick, with many crevices, among which a cock and hen are picking up invisible grains. A big stove is burning in the centre of the room, diffusing strong odours from various dishes inside. But these dishes are not at the disposal of the chance customers; they are the private property of sundry brave artisans, who drop in one by one and claim their respective plats, blue men, red men, green men, parti-coloured men from the print-works opposite. The host, unkempt and unwashed, sits poring over his accounts in a corner. The quinzaine is at hand—the fortnightly pay-day—and he is preparing to bring his customers to A well-grown girl-so well grown book. as to be bursting out of her clothesclatters about in sabots between kitchen and salle. Through the open door of the kitchen can be seen the son of the house, alone, intensely Catholic and of race dis- | carefully brushing out his coat-the blue

coat with the big red worsted epaulettes. A little sister is strutting about with his képi on her head. Presently when Adolphe comes forward, his coat brushed and tightly buttoned, his képi stuck jauntily on his head, we receive him with shouts of welcome, friendly slaps on the back, offers of unlimited hospitality. As time goes on the room becomes more crowded. Some who have dined outside come in for their café-café au fil, if you please; the fil being, of course, a little glass of cognac, sundry degrees better than the coarse brandy that is furnished with the coffee. Each cup of coffee may be made the vehicle of three fils. The first, as a matter of course; the second, called the rincette; and the third, the surrincette. But then it is not correct to drink more than one cup of coffee at the same establishment. there is little drinking apart from the coffee. The vitriol of the Assommoir has not found its way here, and Adolphe is pledging his numerous friends in gooseberry

The little beck that has made the fortune of Bolbec has diffused its golden gifts all down the valley. From Bolbec down to Lillebonne, following the course of the little river, which is not so disagreeable as you might expect, considering what they put into it, all is industrial but still pleasant in aspect. At Lillebonne it is marketday, and the market-place full of cattle. Loud is the roaring and bellowing, but more loudly rise over all the voices of the sturdy farmers. From the bellowing of the cattle-market to the shrill clatter of the poultry-market is the difference between frying-pan and fire—a retreat into a café brings no assuagement of the din. There, indeed, the noise is concentrated; dealers, butchers, farmers, are shouting over their bargains; an old woman has sold her pig and is standing treat to the purchaser, and she is more noisy than any. It is a relief to get out of the babble and into the outskirts, where a round white tower of the thirteenth century stands out against the green hill-side as sharp and clear in outline as if it had been built yesterday. Below, the time-worn stones of a Roman amphitheatre peep out from a grassy mound. But our business is not with antiquities but with the people living and moving about us, who have no curiosities about the Romans, and very vague notions indeed about William The dislike of the French the Conqueror. for the name of Guillaume has spread itself over Normandy, and you will hardly find a

namesake of the great duke in the land that was once full of his fame. The distaste does not extend to the equally Teutonic Edward. It is to one Edouard that we have been recommended, not by any formal letter of introduction, but by a scrap of paper covered with a cabalistic scrawl. "He will know that at once," said our introducer; "for he wrote it himself, and it will recall to him his old friend Brochet, for whose sake he

will make you welcome."

Edouard lives in a neat cottage, one of a row. The Carabas-Lemeuniers again : all these cottages are theirs, and Edouard is a humble contre-maître in one of their factories close by. Within the cottage everything is neat and well ordered. The stove shines as if it were a block of solid plumbago, and the long black stove-pipe, fitting into a round hole in the chimney, is like a column of polished marble. By a deal table in the window, peeling lovely kidneypotatoes, sits a neat bright little woman, the contre-maître's wife. Her husband is at work, but for a friend of Brochet she will seek him at once; and to entertain us in her absence she calls down her father, who is at work somewhere above. A cheery old gentleman this, who has passed his life among the cotton-mills, but who is past work now in the factory, although he still goes on hanking cotton; and, naturally enough, the hanking of cotton has now assumed an importance in his eyes which throws all other processes of manufacture in the shade. It seemed from his elaborate explanations that a man skilled like himself, assiduous and industrious—but they were not all like that, added the old man with an oblique mental regard towards some vieux bonhomme not so steady as he might be-could earn as much as five francs a week at this hanking: not a fortune this, but still enough to keep the snuff-box filled, and prevent one's feeling oneself a burden on one's family. But there was a black spot here also: work was slack, and they talked of giving out no more cotton to hank. Still, as he had worked all his life for Carabas-Lemeunier— he remembered the time when Madame Carabas was alive, a grand old lady and a great aristocrat: she lived at the château down there, which is now a filature; before that it was an indiennerie—a calico-printing There used to be many of these indienneries formerly, but the trade has gone away to Alsace and elsewhere-not entirely gone, indeed, for it is still kept up by the Carabas-Lemeunier family. Here the entrance of a little girl from

school puts an end to the old man's reminiscences. Her fichu must be untied, her boots taken off, and grand-père occupies himself busily in these cares. Then comes Edouard himself, an intelligent-looking man in his workman's blouse, cordial in respect of Brochet, but evidently unable to make out the purpose of our visit. People came to Lillebonne to visit the castle and the Roman theatre. And if monsieur and his friend had already visited the castle and theatre—— But perhaps monsieur had thoughts of establishing a filature?

On the whole, no. To think of competing with Carabas - Lemeunier would be too And then one would not chimerical. settle at Lillebonne in pure gaiety of heart. There is a ramshackle look about the place. The handsome florid tower of its church rises above a town essentially mean-looking and frowsy. Then the dust and the flies; the odour from stale cattlepens, from the garbage in the gutter! No; we shall not settle in Lillebonne for the pleasure of the thing, and as for profit —well, what has Edouard got to say about that? Is it not the complaint of all the manufacturers that they are working at a loss? And are not wages falling on that account, and the workmen striking?

Yes; Edouard owns to the strikes; but they were not important, and soon arranged with. And if trade were bad, had they not chiefly to thank the English for it, against whom it is hopeless to contend in the way of cheapness? But with the new tariff, and supposing that the English treaty of commerce does not get itself renewed—ah, then we should see! Yes; then it was remarked things would fall into the same groove as before the treaty of 1860, when no doubt the workman was better off a great deal than now. Well, as to this last, Edouard is obliged to own that a good workman is perhaps better off in the matter of wages under the present system. In the old days processes were slow and inefficient, heavy rents were exacted for old-fashioned buildings and machinery. the masters made large profits they did not share them with their work-people, whose earnings were less then than they are now. The old grand-père, who has been listening hazily to the talk, has now something to say; but his utterances are vague. Only he has a distinct remembrance that in the way of hanking cotton there was much more work put out, and that it was better paid.

And then Edouard proposes to introduce

us to a comrade, a man older than himself. and who has more decided views on such matters. He lives in a neat little cottage, with flowers about it, but darksome within. An old woman is broiling herrings over a charcoal fire; the smell is powerful but appetising; she evidently understands the art of broiling fish. But the old woman -she is not Mouchet's wife, but his housekeeper—is deaf and a little cross. Mouchet is coming home for dinner, of course; when did he ever fail at that, says the old woman, with a bitter laugh implying that, in respect of other duties, Mouchet might not be so punctual. And Mouchet himself, who presently appears, is well matched with his housekeeper.

The French, it is generally admitted, are a polite nation, but somehow one doesn't care to watch them eating herrings. I have seen a man hash one up, and eat it, head and bones and skin and all, just at a gulp. Mouchet draws the backbone of his dexterously through the mouth, and sucks it, as though it were a prolonged bon-bon. the whole, we suggest that it is better not to derange Mouchet any longer. We have full confidence in Edouard, and, as the dinner-hour has come, will he not come to the hotel with us? Edouard protests that he had hoped to persuade monsieur to eat with him. Still, if monsieur insists-then in five minutes he will have time to apprise his family, and put on his paletôt.

While waiting for Edouard, we have just time to visit another workman in his cottage, one Père Michel, also a friend of Brochet. It is dinner-time here, too; the family are busy over their haricot-beans The father, a withered old and cider. man with a bright lively eye; his wife, much younger, buxom, and débonnaire-a second wife evidently-and a double family, a regular table full. The eldest of them all is a fine black-eyed youth, sixteen or so, who works at the filature and earns his two francs a day. He is a good deal better off than his father, who only earns a franc a day more and has such a lot to keep. Still, Auguste is a good boy, and the bulk of his wages goes into the family pot. And if he has only the luck to draw a good number by-and-by-Not that a good number goes for much, for what with invalids and exemptions, an ablebodied youth who is not the support of his family is pretty sure of his five years' drill. "And then," remarks Père Michel feelingly, "he will have to handle a rifle, be stiffened out by the drill instructors; how will he be fit for a spinner after that?" Père Michel

is an enthusiast in his calling evidently. He regards his children with the pride of a father who sees them destined to the most enviable of lots.

"There is one now," pointing out a sharp little woman of ten, "who will make a famous lamineuse." Ah, she is nimble; she will make her seventeen francs a week before she has seen as many summers. After all, the girls have the best of it. There is no conscription for them, and they can earn as much as the lads, if they are only sharp and know how to jump about. But there is such a difference in young people. "Some are sluggish and dreamy, and they are good for nothing," says the père, with a severe glance at the beauty of the family, a young lady of twelve, with great soft eyes and orange tawny skin, who has already been making eyes at the strangers.

Edouard in his paletôt is not quite such a smart-looking fellow as in his blouse. His limbs seem stiffened; his manners have caught the constraint of his attire; his starched wristbands are out of keeping with the toil-stained hands and the weaver's broad, flattened thumb. And as for any notion of drawing out M. Edouard over the social board, that is soon knocked on the head by the impossibility of hearing ourselves speak. Eight or nine sturdy Normans are taking their déjeuner at the same moment. Good sooth! how they laugh; how they quaff the amber-coloured cider; and how they bellow generally! Edouard's rasping voice of contre-maître may be heard occasionally over the din, but our part in the conversation is principally confined to dumb show.

What a relief to quit the hot dusty valley and find ourselves once more on the quiet uplands! We are in the Pays de Caux again, the country of the Caletes, as the Romans named the tribe that called themselves the Caillotte, or Cauchois: a country of cheerful fertility and diversified tameness. And this we are told is the country of the handloom weaver. He has deserted the valleys, where self-acting mules and power-looms work their wicked will. But, like the fairies, he is still to be found by those who have faith and patience.

#### A MOST UNBUSINESSLIKE PROCEEDING.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II. You as it appears from a plain business THE winter nights were drawing swiftly in, and it became necessary to light the gas long before the offices closed. Now it was that work I agree to give you a certain

a singular thing that there existed a strange reluctance in the office of Middleton Brothers to comply with this necessity. Matches became mysteriously scarce, and a capacity for working in comparative darkness developed itself with surprising swiftness. This, along with many other little annoyances, some of which have been previously mentioned, chafed the soul of Henry Middleton almost beyond endurance. He became like a simmering volcano: an eruption might at any moment be expected. For a long time he remained in the simmering state, but at length the eruption came. Quietly ascending the stairs one dusky evening, he entered the office. The gas was unlit, and, pausing in the shadow of the door, he beheld by the dim light a strange scene.

Miss Vernon and Mr. Johnson were standing by the window close together—very close together—gazing out on the crescent moon that was slowly surmounting the house-tops. Miss Warwick was bending over a desk in the shadiest corner of the room, and Mr. Harley was bending over her, talking in a low voice. Miss Smith was holding forth volubly to the warehouseman, and Miss Ramsay was waltzing over the floor with the office-boy.

A moment's amazed contemplation of the scene, and then sharp and stern rang out the voice of the senior partner.

"Mr. Johnson!"

The person addressed looked round, with a start that would have "brought down the house" in a melodrama.

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask what is the meaning of all this, and why you are not getting through with your work?"

"I have been checking a calculation of Miss Vernon's, sir."

"It's a singular thing," said Mr. Middleton, with a grim smile-"It's a singular thing, that, in the space of a few months you should all become pervaded with such a spirit of unselfishness. It seems to me that each of you is always doing somebody else's work, and never attending to his or her own. Now, I have a great respect for such a spirit in the abstract, or in domestic or social life, but it doesn't do in business, ladies and gentlemen, it doesn't do in business; and I must distinctly state that I can no longer allow things to go on as they have been doing. I place the matter before you as it appears from a plain business point of view. You come to me engaging to do certain work, and for the doing of amount of remuneration. Now, if instead of doing the work for which you are specially engaged, you are continually dabbling in other people's, you break your part of the engagement, and cannot, with any show of reason, expect me to keep mine, or retain you any longer in my employ. Please understand, therefore, that unless you are prepared to adhere to the terms of the agreement made between us when I engaged you, I must look about for those who are willing to do so."

Having thus spoken, Mr. Middleton stalked into the private office, leaving Mr. Harley stealing guiltily to his own desk; Miss Vernon checking invoices; Mr. Johnson balancing the cash; Miss Warwick looking over shipping-notes; Miss Smith writing headings in the ledger; the warehouseman gazing thoughtfully into the fire; Miss Ramsay addressing circulars; and the

office-boy looking for matches.

When he entered the private office Joseph was dictating a letter to the corresponding clerk. But Joseph had no need to stand so close to her, no need to rest his hand on the back of her chair, and almost speak the words in her ear. Really Joseph was becoming foolish in his old age. At forty-eight he should be growing more dignified, more conscious of the high position occupied by a partner in Middleton Certainly he looked foolish enough, and far from dignified, when he caught sight of his brother, and little Miss Lawson looked rather foolish too.

Henry sat down in stern silence, and presently Miss Lawson left the room. Then Joseph, like all quiet, shy people when labouring under embarrassment, could not be silent, and began to pester his brother with all kinds of irrelevant questions and remarks. He received the shortest of replies, and at length Henry

looked up and remarked:

"Did you ever read the Legend of St. Anthony's Temptations, Joseph?" "I-I-fancy I have, Henry; but it is

so long since that I almost forget it."

"I should advise you to refresh your memory," returned his brother dryly; and the conversation dropped.

Presently at the door there came a timid knock, and, on a summons to enter being given, Miss Vernon stepped shyly in.

As she came forward it was noticeable that a certain sprightliness and sparrowlike sauciness that generally distinguished her had almost completely disappeared, and there was a flush on her cheeks, and a

light in her eyes, that could surely have little to do with invoices. She stood by the table with downcast head, folding, unfolding, and refolding a scrap of paper that lay before her, but seemingly unable Henry had been thoroughly to speak. vexed and annoyed, but as he looked at the shy, timid girl, he felt again the consciousness of his utter inability to be angry with her personally.

"What is it, Miss Vernon?"

"I came to-to-give you notice, sir." "Notice! Why, bless my soul and body, what for? Surely you are not so sensitive as to be offended by a rebuke which you cannot deny was thoroughly well merited."

"Oh, no; I assure you it has nothing to do with that, sir; but I'm-I'm-

engaged."

That word had only one meaning for Henry Middleton; all other associations connected with it had faded away many a weary year ago.

"By what firm, may I ask?" Miss Vernon grew confused.

"By Mr. Johnson, sir."

"Mr. Johnson! Is he setting up in business?"

"Oh, no, sir; only in a house."

"I see," said Henry grimly, and thereupon ensued a long pause. A pause during which the little scrap of paper became the centre of a series of circles traced by a small unsteady finger, during which the red lips seemed unable to keep quite still, the bright eyes became clouded, and one hand made diligent search in a pocket. These signs were too ominous to be disregarded, and Henry rose in great consternation.

"My dear Miss Vernon," he said, placing his hand on her shoulder in quite a fatherly way, "I'm a rough old business man, and I look at all matters from a business point of view, perhaps from a selfish point of view; and looked at in that way, you know, this engagement of yours seems, what one might call, a somewhat unbusinesslike proceeding; but, at the same time, from what I have seen of you both, I believe you will get on exceedingly well together, and I am sure I wish you all possible joy and happiness."

And Mr. Middleton shook hands with her, and conducted her to the door, and opened it for her, and was rewarded with a grateful, tear-bedimmed smile, that quite

melted him.

A little sympathy is indispensable to women, and goes a long way with them.

"Beaten at all points," muttered Henry, going back to his desk. "It's a strange thing, a strange thing."

What is strange, Henry? Strange that you should still have a little fellow-feeling with youthful joy, and youthful love-

surely not.

For perhaps the first time in his life he felt actually guilty in the presence of his meek brother; but giving a stealthy glance to discover in what manner the other's self exaltation would display itself, he beheld that worthy gentleman vigorously blowing his nose, with his head turned in the opposite direction. A long silence reigned, only broken by the scraping of the brothers' This time pens. Then another knock. the incomer was Miss Smith. She advanced briskly, she stood about two yards off the table, with half-folded arms. She wore mittens. She was eminently respectable. Mr. Middleton looked up coldly: Miss Vernon and Miss Smith were not twinsisters.

"Well?"

"I came, sir, under the impression that this was the day of the month on which you engaged me.

"Well ?"

"I trust that my work has hitherto given you satisfaction, sir."

Mr. Middleton bowed.

"I have always striven, I am sure, to do my work to the best of my powers, as far as in me lay. There have been drawbacks, sir, as have kept me from doing things in the exact way I should have liked; but my habit is not to deceive hanyone, sir"as Miss Smith became more emphatic her H.s got decidedly the upper hand of her-"and, therefore, I should like to say that what I have done, I have strove to do well, and trust I have done so. I-

"Miss Smith, I am exceedingly busy; if you would come to the point at once I should be obliged. Do you want a rise?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Then will you have the goodness to state what you do want?"

"I wish to give notice, sir."

"Indeed. May I enquire your reason for doing so ?"

"I am about to be married, sir."

"Married!" echoed Henry, with a dangerous amount of surprise in his tone. To Mr. Gudgitt,

"Yes, married, sir. sir, the warehouseman."

"I should have thought Gudgitt had more-" He was about to add "sense, but checked himself in time. Indeed, Miss

Smith wore a look that might have inspired discretion in the boldest of men. "That is to say, I am glad to hear it, Miss Smith,

and beg to congratulate you."

The words were accompanied by a glance at the door that could not be mistaken, and Miss Smith beat a retreat. Shortly after Mr. Middleton stepped into the outer office, returning in a few minutes looking utterly confounded. He dropped into a chair, and sat for a time without speaking; at length he rose, and stood by the mantel-piece, though so thoroughly put out that the usual manipulation of his coat-tails was

entirely omitted.

"You will be surprised to hear, Brother Joseph, that in addition to Miss Vernon and Miss Smith, Miss Warwick and Miss Ramsay have just now given me notice. The former is engaged to Mr. Harley, and the latter, who is to be her bridesmaid, declares her utter inability to exist in the office made desolate by the absence of her dearest friend. She — Miss Ramsay besought me with tears in her eyes to release her; and, as the young lady has spent the principal part of her time in teaching the office-boy to waltz, I was only too willing to do so. We are now, by a singular train of circumstances, in much the same position as we were five months ago. The question therefore is, what are we to do? It seems to me that engaging female clerks is only an indirect way of procuring wives for all the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood. If things went on as they have been doing we should have to abandon the corn trade, and form ourselves into a Wife Supplying Association, In sober earnestness, Joseph, I am thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair. We have had nothing but trouble and worry since the beginning of this new system, and I, at any rate, shall be only too glad to get back to the old one. wouldn't go through all we did the first day our advertisement appeared for a thousand pounds, let alone three hundred. And then, as I said before, we have had so much trouble and worry, and things have been so unsatisfactory, that I am afraid we must allow that our scheme, up to the present at least, has proved little better than a failure. Indeed, from almost the very first I have had grave misgivings, and now I must allow that the whole affair appears to me to have been a most unbusinesslike proceeding."

Henry paused, and Joseph murmured assent. Henry continued:

"With one exception we shall get rid of all our female clerks by the end of next month."

Joseph looked guilty.

"Now I propose that we fill their places with properly trained men. The way in which the work and our commercial reputation have suffered more than counterbalance the difference in salaries. We must try in some courteous manner to induce the lady who still remains to leave us. She seems good-natured and willing, but I am afraid she is the least capable of any of them."

For the first time for many years there rose into Joseph's simple face a quick flush of anger; and when he spoke there was a touch of his brother's sharpness in the tones of his voice.

"Do you mean Miss Lawson, Henry?"
His brother looked surprised—something
like a gamecock assaulted by a month-old
chicken.

"Certainly I do."

The flush faded away, the sharpness died out of the voice, the guilty look came back, and Joseph trembled.

"I wished to say, Henry, if you meant Miss Lawson, that I am—I mean, that she is—that is, that we are——"

"Are what, Brother Joseph ?"

" Engaged, Henry.'

Henry gazed at him for a moment in mute amazement, then stepped across the room, leant his hands on the table, and enquired slowly and impressively, the while "fixing him with his glittering eye:"

"Do you mean to tell me that you are actually engaged to Miss Lawson?"

"Yes, Henry."

Henry turned round without a word, and paced restlessly up and down. The news came upon him with an absolute shock. Women, at least until the conception of his unlucky scheme, had long been to him a kind of abstraction, existing no doubt in a far-off sort of way, but having little or nothing to do with practical life, except as servants or housekeepers. And, even when he had carried his scheme into force, he looked on them only as clerks, and nothing more than clerks-in other words, as a description of machine hired at so much per annum. But that they were full of passionate life, and capable of feeling and arousing passionate love, and that such an unbusinesslike thing as love should actually interfere with the making of money and the routine of office work, had never entered into his calculations—in

fact, seemed to him absurd, monstrous, a breaking of all faith, a desecration of all sacred precedent. And yet, as he himself expressed it, he had been "beaten at all points;" had been unable even to rebuke them; and utterly powerless to stop the introduction of this last undreamt-of element.

Its influence upon those in the outer office had been hard enough to bear; but now that it had stormed his last stronghold, he felt completely overwhelmed. It was, indeed, "the unkindest cut of all." Well might he have addressed his brother in the words of the despairing Cæsar: "And thou, too, oh, Brutus!" Henry, however, was not at all theatrical; and when he stopped and faced the culprit, he simply remarked with considerable emphasis:

"Well, I never thought you could be such a consummate fool, Joseph," and thereupon sat down and began to write.

Joseph, the guilty, the meek, the erring one, cast wistful glances at his brother's face during a lengthy and painful silence, longing yet fearing to speak. At last he faltered:

"I trust you have no overpowering

objection, Henry."

Henry, in the meantime, had considerably cooled down. Perhaps some flickering memories of almost forgotten feeling; perhaps the faint remembrance of loving eyes long since dim, or the clasp of a little hand long since dust and ashes; or some touch of real sympathy with his simple, patient brother, had softened him; or the fleeting revelation of something higher, something beyond the gathering in of the root of all evil, had flashed across his mind. When he spoke his tone was gentler.

"I don't say, Joseph, that I have any overpowering objection; though, if I had, it is now too late to gain anything by expressing it. You have taken this step entirely on your own responsibility, and, of course, have judged for yourself as to its wisdom; but if you ask for my candid opinion, I must tell you that it undoubtedly appears to me a most—a most "—he sought for another phrase in vain; it sprang to his lips and refused to be put aside—"a most unbusinesslike proceeding."

#### SHAKESPEARE'S TRADUCERS.

SHAKESPEARE, even Shakespeare, has had his traducers. Although the highest honours have been heaped to his memory, and he is almost universally admired as the greatest poet the earth has ever produced, yet there have been those, eminent persons too, who have professed their inability to even peruse his works with any degree of pleasure. Some of these individuals may be utterly incapable of appreciating him, but the greater part of them must either have an unaccountably peculiar construction of the brain, or be obstinately perverse. Some, we may well

believe, speak out of envy.

No doubt there are many who admire him simply because others do, and who have no real knowledge of his merits, except from the opinions of others; while there are those who admire him on compulsion, like the Slickville clockmaker, attache at the Court of St. James's, who sarcastically says: "In the high life I've been movin' in lately, we must swear by Shakespeare whether we have a taste for plays or not; swaller it in a lump, like a bolus, or we have no soul."

Again, there are those fanatical worshippers of the poet, who will not admit that he ever erred; who, in short, consider him completely perfect and immaculate. Of course this is absurd, when, in adulating a man, who cannot be without his faults, his admirers allow themselves to

go to such extremes.

However, as it has been so much the worthy custom to praise the immortal bard (as indeed what else can we do?), we will for a short time turn our attention to the opinions of those who, conscientiously or otherwise, could not appreciate his most

palpable beauties.

Cadurcis, for one, could not understand the indiscriminate admiration of everything in Shakespeare's works, some of which he designated as trash worthy of a niche in the Dunciad. Robert Greene, the inconsistent man of many similes, even in the great dramatist's lifetime (for which perhaps he was less to blame), spoke very contemptuously of him. He wrote several plays in conjunction with the profligate Marlowe and others, and is said to have been the first Englishman who wrote for bread. Be that as it may, he refers to Shakespeare as an "upstart crow beautified by our feathersin his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie." Assuming this to refer to "our Will," the mysterious Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's work, may claim the credit of an apology, as he says that he expunged some of the hard words, and expresses his sorrow that he did not do a little more, for he "found the 'Shakescene' was honest and upright, and his facetious grace in writing approves his art." Strangely enough, Hallam, in his Literary History of Europe, has the following criticism: "Greene succeeds pretty well in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakespeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in his historic plays effective and brilliant." His novels, however, he calls deplorable

specimens.

Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, says: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand,' which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told this posterity but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justifie mine owne candor; for I loved the man, and doe honor his memory (on this side of idolatry) as much as any." He rebukes Shakespeare for a passage in Cæsar, but finally patronisingly admits that he re-deemed his vices by his virtues, and that there was more in him to be praised than

With regard to the poet's never blotting out a line, it is well known that he often erased and re-wrote passages in his

plays.

Cartwright, who was great in his day, addresses the following lines to Fletcher: a piece of fulsome flattery, and a gratuitous insult to the Stratford genius:

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies I'th' ladies' questions and the fools' replies: Old-fashioned wit which walked from town to town In trunk-hose, which our fathers call the clown, &c.

Twelfth Night being here referred to.

John Evelyn remarked in 1662, after he had been to see the renowned Mr. Betterton as Hamlet, that, "now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his majesty's being so long abroad."

John Dryden in his Defence of the Epilogue, a postscript to his tragedies of the Conquest of Granada, says: "Let any man who understands English, read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are reverenced when we are not forgiven." He denounces "the lameness of their plots," made up of some "ridiculous

incoherent story . . . . I suppose I need not name Pericles, Prince of Tyre, nor the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as the Winter's Tale, Love's Labour Lost, Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth nor the serious part your concernment." Beaumont and Fletcher he considered the most pleasant entertainment of the stage, saying (1666), "two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's. reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours." He again remarks of the poet, that "he writes in many places below the dullest writers of our, or of any precedent, age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets: he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other. Let us, therefore, admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness and (as I may call it) a lethargy of thought for whole scenes together." Of the audiences of his time he says: "They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the Golden Age of Poetry have only this reason for it: that they were then content with acorns before they knew the use of bread," &c.

The "majestic Denham" addresses the

following eulogy to Fletcher:

When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit, And swayed in the triumvirate of wit, Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow, Or what more easy Nature did bestow On Shakespeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown Their graces both appear.

This was doubtless written to suit the

fashion of the day.

It would take volumes to note all the self-laudatory prefaces of Shakespeare's many editors and revisers, who have "improved" in their own way upon the original. Ravenscroft, in 1672, produced an adaptation of Titus Andronicus, and boasted "that none in all the author's works ever received greater alterations or additions; the language not only refined, but many scenes entirely new, besides most of the principal characters heightened and the plot much increased." In short, he self-complacently remarks that he

had "but winnowed Shakespeare's corn," modestly announcing:

So far was he from robbing him of his treasure, That he did add his own to make full measure.

Another address to Fletcher was written by Birkenhead, who therein says:

Brave Shakespeare flowed, yet had his ebbings too Often above himself, sometimes below; Thou always best!

The renowned Dr. Hopkins, a New England preacher, professed he could find no attraction in either Milton or Shake-

speare!

Genial Samuel Pepys accounted the play of Romeo and Juliet, "a play of itself the worst that ever I heard;" that, in comparison with Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours, Othello was a mean thing; and A Midsummer Night's Dream he deemed "the most insipid, ridiculous play that I saw in my life," &c. When recording his first purchase of a Shakespeare, he shows a strange preference for other authors. resolved to spend some money in books, but did not know what to choose. After looking at Shakespeare's works and several other books, he at last chose quaint Dr. Fuller's The Worthies of England; the Cabbala, or Collections of Letters of State; and Delices de Hollande; "with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in the greatest fashion for drollery." About six months later, though, we find in his remarkable Diary, the entry: "My new books, namely, Sir H. Spillman's Whole Glossary, Scapula's Lexicon, and Shakespeare's Plays."

Thomas Rymer, the critic, writes in a most outrageous and ridiculous manner of the "immortal Will," in his Short View of the Tragedies of the Last Age. Respecting the play of Othello, he is angry that the hero should be a blackamoor, and that the army should be insulted by his being a Of Desdemona he says: "There is nothing in her which is not below any country kitchen-maid-no woman bred out of a pigstye could talk so meanly." Speaking of expression, he writes that "in the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and, I may say, more humanity, than in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." He is indignant that the catastrophe of the play should turn on a handkerchief. He would have liked it to have been folded neatly on the bridalcouch, and when Othello was killing Desdemona, "the fairy napkin might have

started up to disarm his fury and stop his ungracious mouth. Then might she, in a trance of fear, have lain for dead; then might he, believing her dead, and touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat, by the good leave and with the applause of all the spectators, who might thereupon have gone home with a quiet mind, and admiring the beauty of Providence freely and truly represented in the theatre. Then for the unravelling of the plot, as they call it, never was old deputy recorder in a country town, with his spectacles on, summing up the evidence, at such a puzzle, so blundered and bedoltified as is our poet to have a good riddance and get the catastrophe off his hands. What can remain with the audience to carry home with them? How can it work but to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, scare our imaginations, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle beyond what all the parish-clerks in London could ever pretend to?" He then hopes the audience will go to the play as they go to church, namely, "sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon." With regard to Julius Cæsar, he is displeased that Shakespeare should have meddled with the Romans. He might be "familiar with Othello and Iago as his own natural acquaintances, but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversation." To put them "in gulls' coats and make them Jackpuddens in the Shakespeare dress is a sacrilege beyond anything in Spelman. The truth is that this author's head was full of villainous and unnatural images, and history has only furnished him with great names. Of the well-known scene between Brutus and Cassius, he remarks: "They are put there to play the bully and the buffoon, to show their activity of face and muscles. They are to play for a prize, a trial of skill and hugging and swaggering like two drunken Hectors for a twopenny reckoning." Enough of Thomas Rymer, and his candid criticism.

In W. Clark Russell's excellent Book of Authors, we find Lord Shaftesbury's opinion as follows: "His rude unpolished style, and antiquated phrase and wit." Not much courtesy there either.

In the dedication of his mangled edition of the play of Lear, Tate very coolly designates it "an obscure piece, recommended to my notice by a friend." He then found it to be "a heap of jewels unstrung and

unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure;" he therefore determined, "out of zeal for all that remains of Shakespeare,"

to remodel the play.

John Dennis, in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, somewhat apologises for what he considers Shakespeare's faults. He says that he unfortunately knew nothing about the ancients, set all propriety at defiance, and grossly outraged the unities. Also, that he was "neither master of time enough to consider, correct, and polish what he had written, and he had no friends upon whose capacity and integrity he could depend." So that "his lines are utterly void of celestial fire," and his verses frequently harsh and unmusical. He was, however, so interested in the erratic and friendless poet, that he kindly altered The Merry Wives of Windsor, and touched up Coriolanus, which he brought out in 1720 under the title of The Invader of his Country, or The Fatal Resentment. The play, however, did not prosper, and he attributed it to the fact that it was played on a Wednesday. Dean Swift, in his The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the Strange and Deplorable Frenzy of John Dennis, relates how the said Dennis, being in company with Lintot the bookseller, and Shakespeare being mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, the latter "swore the said Shakespeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespeare."

Pope, whose pen spared very few, has

the following lines:

Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill Style the divine, the matchless, what you will), For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight, And grew immortal in his own despite.

He also protested against the absurd extravagance of Shakespeare-worship, in the following satire:

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow, If I but ask if any weed can grow, How will our fathers rise up in a rage And swear all shame is lost in George's age.

According to the industrious Malone, George the Second once said: "Who is this Pope, that I hear so much about? I cannot discover what is his merit. I hear a great deal, too, of Shakespeare; but I cannot read him, he is such a bombast fellow."

In 1762, Benjamin Victor published an edition of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and wrote: "It is the general opinion that

this comedy abounds with weeds. The rankest of those weeds I have endeavoured to remove," &c., he triumphantly relates.

Hume does not appear to have had much relish for Shakespeare, whom he defines as "a disproportioned and mis-shapen giant." He also says: "If Shakespeare be considered as a man, born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy: if represented as a poet, capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy. In his compositions we regret that many irregularities and even absurdities should so frequently disfigure the animated and passionate scenes intermixed with them; and, at the same time, we perhaps admire the more those beauties on account of their being surrounded with such deformities." criticism is said to have been originally much more severe and tasteless than now appears, it having been much qualified and softened by Lord Kames, an elegant writer, who, says Boswell, "feared the historian would have been disgraced by confessing total insensibility to what the English nation has so long and so justly admired."

Even Voltaire could not appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare. Hamlet he pronounced as so gross and barbarous a piece that it would not be endured by the vilest population in France and Italy. He observed of the splendid passage commencing,

Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, that a country bumpkin at a fair would express himself with more decency, and in nobler language. Respecting the lines,

It faded on the crowing of the cock, &c., he could only express his surprise that Warburton could condescend to comment such stuff.

Garrick himself, a professed admirer of the poet, is yet charged with many sins against him. He retained Cibber's Richard and Tate's Lear. He mangled Hamlet, perhaps because of Voltaire's objection; he maltreated Cymbeline, Romeo and Juliet, and the Winter's Tale. He converted the Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream into operas, and reduced the Taming of the Shrew into a farce.

When George Warrington speaks to the Baroness Bernstein of his grandfather loving Shakespeare so much, that Madame Esmond had not a word to say against her father's author, "I remember," the old lady assents; "he could say whole pages by heart, though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the aged Beatrice, tapping her fan. She preferred the more modern Congreve to the immortal Shakespeare, and even the polished Addison could not persuade her to like the sublime Milton.

Schlegel tells us that it was owing to our commentators that foreigners were so long in recognising the merits of the bard. Hume was very popular with them, and, with his description of Shakespeare before them, they stigmatised his plays as "monstrous productions which could only have been given to the world by a disordered imagination in a barbarous age." Even among the Shakespeare-loving Germans, Lessing, the poet, at the close of the eighteenth century, "was the first to speak of Shakespeare in a becoming tone."

Dr. Adam Smith, perhaps influenced by his intimate friend David Hume, did not admire Shakespeare, but preferred insipid French tragedy, particularly that of Voltaire, whose Mahomet he declared to be the summit of dramatic genius.

Good King George the Third cared very little for Shakespeare, and is recorded to have said: "Was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?" He much preferred O'Keeffe!

John Kemble professed a veneration for our poet, yet garbled several of his plays, and acted in many corrupt versions. Perhaps he "lived to please."

Even Byron has disparaged the merits of the bard of Avon in conjunction with Milton, and, while acknowledging that they "have had their rise," he states that "they will have their decline." He ranked the versatile Pope above them both. Again, he sneers at "one Shakespeare" and

his plays so doting, Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

And in another canto, after quoting the poet himself, he has:

To be, or not to be; that is the question, Says Shakespeare, who just now is much in fashion.

To his friend Moore, he said: "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shake-speare was something of a humbug?"

loving Shakespeare so much, that Madame | The great Polish scholar, Jan Sniadecki, Esmond had not a word to say against her | who knew English well, avowed his dislike of Shakespeare, "much of whose writings" he stigmatised as "at present unintelligible even to educated Englishmen."

Talfourd owned himself incapable of appreciating the deep humanities of Shakespeare, and greatly preferred Dryden, Rowe,

and Addison.

Francis Jacox, in his Aspects of Authorship, relates of Samuel Rogers, the veteran poet, that he was well known to have had little real admiration for Shakespeare. He would frequently read aloud from Ben Jonson's Discoveries the passage referring to the players who boasted that the poet never "blotted out a line," and on the concluding sentence of Jonson's, "Would he had blotted out a thousand," he always laid a strong emphasis. He one morning challenged the company to produce a passage from Shakespeare which would not have been improved by blotting; and he was with difficulty silenced, after picking many beautiful specimens to pieces, by the one commencing:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. The fertile De Quincey has written: "In some departments of the comic, Beaumont and Fletcher, when writing in combination, really had a freedom and breadth of manner which excels the comedy

Shakespeare."

Artemus Ward has a racy chapter on Wax Figures versus Shakespeare, in which he maintains that "wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever written. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary."

Another departed wizard argues: "Shakespeare's all very well in his way, but he couldn't do the doll-trick. What's Macbeth to the pancake done in the hat, or the money in the sugar-basin? Answer me that, now, what's Macbeth to them?" After pausing for a reply, he proceeds: "But Shakespeare's going down, sir; he's not the card he used to be; the people begin to cut him, and he'll be at the bottom of the middle pack before long."

In The Gentleman's Magazine we read of an English commentator who expressed it as his opinion that Shakespeare's sonnets were not only worthless, but that "nothing short of an Act of Parliament would induce

people to read them.'

Professor Anthon is certain that Horace would not have admired Shakespeare; that he would have considered Addison or Pope as much finer writers, and would have included Falstaff, Autolycus, Sir Toby

Belch, and all the clowns and boasters of the Stratford genius, in the same censure which he bestows on the Plautinus soles,

and the Mimes of Luberius.

Sentiments deprecatory of the "immortal bard" have been put by some of our best authors into the mouths of their fictitious characters, although it by no means follows that the writers intended to express their personal opinions on the subject.

Thus, in Dred, the Dismal Swamp story. Nina Gordon frankly owns to Edward Clayton: "Well, I don't like Shakespeare. There! I'm coming out flat with it. In the first place, I don't understand half he says, and then they talk about his being so natural. I'm sure I never heard people talk as he makes them," &c. admires the young lady's sincerity in uttering her thought. "I have often heard ladies profess an admiration for Shakespeare that I knew couldn't be real. I knew that they had neither the experience of life, nor the insight into human nature, really to appreciate what is in him; and that their liking for him was all a workedup affair, because they felt it would be very shocking not to like him."

Again, in Disraeli's Venetia, the speaker, like Lord Byron, thinks Shakespeare was but an inspired adapter of the theatres, which were not then as good as barns; a mere botcher-up of old plays, who probably never wrote a single play himself; whose "popularity is of modern date, and may

not last."

### VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

BY THEO GIFT.

CHAPTER V. LION ASHLEIGH.

It was not for some time, however, that Lionel called again at Hillbrow. The very decided way in which its mistress had given him his congé that morning, and the poor excuse about the girls' music, had stung his vanity, of which he had not much, and wounded his feelings into the bargain. The awkward, gruff-voiced, bullet-headed lad had grown into a big, broad-shouldered fellow, not much over middle height, perhaps, but strong as a lion, with a brown head, a square jaw, a sun-burnt face, a wide, resolute, good-tempered mouth, and a pair of eyes of no particular colour, but true and straightforward enough to look down the lie in another which he was incapable of uttering for himself. Most people liked Lionel Ashleigh; and, indeed, he

deserved it, being an honest, manly young fellow, rather hot-headed and obstinate, perhaps, with liberal politics which annoyed his family's conservatism, and a tendency to "broadness" of doctrine which would have annoved his rector still more if the old gentleman had been aware of it, instead of choosing to absent himself and spend a dilettante invalid life between Nice and Venice. But behind these more external qualities the curate had a warm heart and somewhat quicker and more sensitive feelings than people were apt to guess; and in thinking over his dismissal, it occurred to him that on his last two or three visits Mrs. Dysart had not shown herself quite as cordial to him as she had formerly been. He might not have noticed it if her usual manner to him had not been so much more gentle and affectionate than it was to any other save her own children; but this being so, it made the change more apparent; and he could not help connecting it with that impertinent report which had brought Sybil's name into conjunction with his.

Could Mrs. Dysart have heard it too? He had denied it promptly and decisively, feeling that its existence, while there was no truth in it, was both an insult and an injury to the young lady affected by it; and then had stayed away from the house for some little time, partly from shamefacedness lest the talk should have reached the ears of the inmates there, and partly to prove to the people who set it about that there was no ground for their over hasty gossip. But perhaps the Dysarts were not aware of that, and held him accountable for its ever having arisen; or, believing in his innocence there, wished, nevertheless, to show him that, if he had any pretensions to the post awarded to him, they would not be sanctioned at headquarters.

If that were so, Lionel said to himself that he was being very hardly treated. Why, he had never made any concealment of his feelings towards Sybil. He had only held himself from speaking his love for fear lest he should injure his own cause by precipitance, and perhaps cause a coolness which might spoil the present harmony and pleasantness of their relations to one another. He was not exactly afraid of her refusing him outright. Something in her eyes, in the colour of her cheek and the touch of her hand, kept him from that. But it's an old tale that true love is humble; and Lion Ashleigh would have risked many things, rather than

utter a word which might chill the sweet cordiality of Sybil Dysart's smile.

He was only a curate after all, but a curate with a prospect of a living, the incumbent of which was a gouty old man of seventy, and of Dilworth in the future. Even at present he had two hundred a year and the use of the vicarage from the rector of Chadleigh; his father allowed him two hundred more, and would most likely increase the allowance when he married; and he was nephew to one of the oldest and wealthiest baronets in the county. It must be owned that there are not a great many curates for whom one could say so much on the score of eligibility.

But then, as Lionel said to himself with groan, there were not many girls like Sybil; and the very care, with which she had been kept guarded from the rude eye and touch of the world, showed that her mother considered her as too precious a pearl to be lightly bestowed on the first asker. Lionel was quite ready to endorse that opinion, and hitherto had quite approved of the guarding; but then he had never thought of it as applying to himself; and now, when Mrs. Dysart's sudden coldness made that idea seem possible, he felt sorely injured and indignant, and told himself with some heat that he had not been treated fairly. Why had she always encouraged him before, and made him welcome, almost as his own mother might have done, if she was going to change now? She must have seen that he cared for Sybil. What else would he go there so often for ?

And what was she going over to his mother's for that day? he wondered. Were the two putting their heads together to separate him and Sybil? If it was so, and his own mother was going to take part against him, he should think it was a "most foul and unnatural" proceeding; and she should know that he did. All of which was of course perfectly wrong and unjust; the falsely suspected ladies in question having none but the most benevolent intentions towards him, and being far more disposed (Mrs. Dysart especially) to further than to hinder him in his matrimonial desires.

There is no creature, however, on this earth so painfully thin-skinned and prone to make difficulties for himself as a lover; and thanks to Mrs. Dysart's over-cautious way of going to work, poor Lion fumed and fretted, kept himself proudly away from Hillbrow and Dilworth alike, and would have liked, in his sense of ill-usage, to

forswear society altogether, but for the promise he had given to dine at Hapsburg

He did go there, however, and was rewarded by champagne at fifteen shillings a bottle, and grapes as big as ordinary apricots; and after dinner Horatia Maude sang to him in a poor little flat-chested voice, which was only preferable to her brother's anecdotes over the wine inasmuch as it was

not coarse or offensive.

"Only a face at the wee-e-eendow!" quavered poor Horatia, while Lion turned over the pages, and—looking down on her tow-coloured head, with its straight scanty fringe of hair on the forehead and broad pink parting, pinker than ever with the exertion of singing-thought of that graceful flower-like head at Hillbrow behind which he had been so fond of taking up a position. He was very kind to Horatia, however, and thanked her for her song (which made the parting redder than before), bringing her cup of tea to the piano, and talking pleasantly to her while she drank it: all of which he did simply in remembrance of that word she had spoken of Sybil the last time he saw her. Then the big clock in the hall chimed ten, and he said good-bye and made his escape; but after he was gone, Mrs. de Boonyen, who was usually rather severe on Horatia Maude, called the girl to her and patted her on the shoulder, telling her approvingly that she had sung very nicely-at any rate (with a meaning smile), young Mr. Ashleigh evidently thought so!

"Is Horry setting her cap at the curate ?" said Albert Edward, with a loud laugh; and poor Horatia grew crimson and cried out piteously that she was not. became quite miserable a few moments later, when her mother said something as to the probability of Mrs. Ashleigh inviting her to stay at Dilworth Rectory for a while; and inwardly prayed that nothing of the sort might happen. If Lion had been one of the curates at Epsom, indeed -a big, carroty-haired widower of forty, with something like twopence-halfpenny a year, five children, and his collars and cuffs as frayed at the edges as a Japanese chrysanthemum, it would have been very different. Gladly would she have gone to stay with his mother, an old woman with a mangy front and a six-roomed house somewhere in Holloway; and would have put away her music for ever, if, instead,

children's socks and mend those frayed collars; but that was a sorrowful little secret hidden away in her own unobtrusive bosom, and not so much as suspected by the family who were already disposing of her in their imaginations.

"Jenny," said Sybil, "you are not like Dorothea after all. She could be comfortably idle sometimes, and you can't."

It was one of those golden afternoons in September when it seems impossible to stay indoors, and the Dysart girls were taking advantage of it for a country ramble: a thing they were fond of doing while the long fine days and warm weather lasted. Already, however, the summer was drawing to a close, and the yellow corn had been bound into sheaves and piled on huge wains, whose ponderous wheels creaked along the narrow lanes, leaving deep ruts behind them in their wake. Already the woody nightshade was hanging out clusters of berries, scarlet, green, and black. The haws were blushing with their ruddiest hue; and the big, white, trumpet-shaped convolvulus was binding in its spiral arms and pale green foliage the hedges, where a while back the honeysuckle and wild rose had waved their perfumed clusters. Autumn, with a veil of mist upon her brow and falling leaves beneath her feet, was coming on apace; and Nature, ever generous in her gracious compensations, laid warmer colours upon Earth's fair bosom as she saw the hot and fickle kisses of the summer sun turning from it to southern climes. Earth should not be left desolate if Mother Nature could help her child; and so she put forth her hand, and lo! in tangled hedgerows and bosky woods the alders were swiftly changed to empurpled red, and the maples to ruddy gold; the blackberry bushes hung out rich clusters of crimson fruit, growing darker day by day; the sycamore, "in scarlet honours bright," rose in a blaze of glory against the metallic lustre of the copper beech; and down in quiet nooks the wildstrawberry leaves dying off upon the ground made a brilliant broidery of garnets upon the dry ivy-tangled soil. It was to one of these last-named places that the girls had wandered: a sunny corner of a little wood from which the timber had been partially cleared, the fallen trunks still lying where they had been cut down among a wilderness of young green saplings, trailing blackberry shoots, and tall feathery grass waving its silver plumes gently in the light she might have learnt to darn the five breeze. Sybil was a little tired with her

walk, and sat down to rest on a log covered with grey crumpled lichens like an old man's beard, letting the book which she was carrying slide through her slender fingers on to the grass, while Jenny seated herself on the grass at a little distance, opened a much-worn tin paint box, and

began to sketch vigorously.

There was a quantity of latent energy in Jenny Dysart which never suffered her to be idle for long. Even at times when she seemed to be doing nothing her head was hard at work; but generally her fingers were busy as well. Languor or listlessness were things unknown to her, and you could read as much in the bright intentness of her large grey eyes, and the quick firm movements of her long fingers that is, if you took any interest in reading her at all; she being by no means as pretty or fascinating to contemplate as her elder sister. Viewed from a little distance, as they came along the road or sat at work together, the girls looked as alike as they well could be; but though Jenny's hair was of the same pale soft colour as Sybil's it lacked the tinge of gold which made the latter's glitter in 'the sunlight, and was straight and fine as spun silk without one of those little waves or curls which made a baby halo round Sybil's brow. Her skin, too, had the same pearly fairness as her sister's; but it was a fairness untinged by that delicate rose-colour in the cheek and finger-tips which lent so much beauty to the elder; and though her eyes had a certain depth and earnestness which the latter's lacked, they were purely grey, without any of that blue liquid light which made Lion Ashleigh think of wet March violets while gazing into Miss Dysart's eyes. She was very slim also; slim with an unformed slenderness; and this, with her dark eyes and the delicacy of her hands and feet, reminded one of the slender-limbed, large-eyed fawns in Chadleigh Park; only you could less easily imagine her than Sybil growing into the round unthinking complacency of the mother doe. She looked up now at her sister with a smile.

"Why, Sybil, what an idea! As if I or any other girl could be like Dorothea! Why, if I knew of such a one I should want to go and sit at her feet and worship her. I was thinking only to-day if it were better for the rest of the world to be such a woman in reality, or to be able to invent her in a book."

"Well, but that's what I call being like

her. She was full of odd fancies, and so are you."

"Only mine are not original. That idea is just a rendering of two of George Eliot's own lines:

"To live worthy the writing, or to write Worthy the living and the world's delight. I think for myself I'd rather do the latter. It is so difficult for a woman to 'live worthy the writing.'"

"But I don't think men do so either,

Jenny."

"More men than women; and there are others who might do so. Lion Ashleigh, for instance! One feels with him that it's all there, if the need came to show it—at least, I mean I—that's what I used to feel."

Jenny had been speaking impetuously, but checked herself suddenly, and the last words came with a kind of jerky embarrassment. Sybil looked at her, colouring a little

"Is it not a long time since he came to see us? He had got into the habit of dropping in so often," she said gently. Then, as her sister did not answer: "You have not quarrelled in earnest with him, have you, Jenny? You always are quarrelling over things, you know."

"Arguing—not quarrelling," corrected Jenny. "Lion wouldn't condescend to

quarrel with a girl like me."

"He doesn't condescend to argue with me," said her sister, laughing. "I suppose I am not clever enough." But Jenny stopped her indignantly.

"Sybil, you know it's not that. You know he always agrees with you. Oh, dear,

I did think-"

"What, dear ?" asked Sybil placidly.

"Nothing—at least—— Well, it's no use trying to keep it to myself," cried Jenny, making a vehement dash with her paint-brush at the sky which she was just putting in. "I did not think he would have gone and married one of those Miss de Boonyens; that's all."

"Married—who?" asked Sybil. She was not conscious that her voice had changed: she was not even conscious of any particular feeling which need make it do so: but Jenny fancied that it had, and answered

in eager remorseful haste:

"Horatia de Boonyen. But, Sybil, I did not mean that he was married yet; of course not. Only Emily was talking about it when she was mending my dress this morning"—Emily was the housemaid at Hillbrow—"and I was so shocked I could not help telling mamma. Emily said it was quite fixed; and, do you know, mamma did not seem a bit surprised! She was vexed with me for letting Emily speak to me about such things; but she said Mrs. Ashleigh liked Horatia de Boonyen, and that it would be a very good match. Oh, dear! I am disappointed in them."

"My dear Jenny—why?" cried Sybil, laughing. "How excited you are. Poor little Miss de Boonyen! I think it would do her good to be married, she always looks so frightened; and Mr. Beale of Epsom said once that she was a really nice, good

oirl"

"Good enough for him, I daresay!" cried Jenny hotly. Mr. Beale was that curate with the red hair and frayed collars of whom I have already spoken, and the second Miss Dysart had not the same opinion of him as the second Miss de Boonyen. "But not for Lion or his mother—she who is so proud! I shouldn't have been surprised at Lady Ashleigh, who is so good-natured she always tries to

think everyone is nice."

"I like Lady Ashleigh the best," said Sybil. "It is pleasanter being with people who always think you nice. Come, Jenny, don't be ridiculous. Surely Lion Ashleigh is the best judge of who is suited to him. All I wonder is that he has not told us. Adelaide told me of John's engagement long before it was formally announced; and as for her own, I heard all its first preliminaries as soon as they arose; but I daresay he has been too much occupied since it was arranged to come to us. Indeed, now we know what has kept him away, Jenny, I think——"

Sybil did not say what she thought; for at that moment there was a crackling among the nut-trees and underwood behind them; and, turning their heads, they saw Lion Ashleigh himself coming to

meet them.

Lionel had risen early on this day with his mind even more full of Sybil than usual. These weeks that had passed without his seeing her had only made her image more present to him, and showed him how strong a holdshe had taken of his life. When he came down in the morning he tried to fancy how her bright face would look at the head of the breakfast-table, and what a different aspect the formal, comfortless drawing-room would present if consecrated by her presence, and made bright with feminine prettinesses like the rooms at Dilworth and Hillbrow. Even his study would, he thought, be far improved if he could see Sybil's low chair

near his, or her pretty head peeping in at the door. It was a comfortable room enough already, as far as men's ideas of comfort go, with a great luxurious chair for himself; well-filled bookcases; two or three photographs from the old masters on the walls; a fox's brush, a pair of model sculls silver-mounted and a bat (prizes), over the mantel-shelf; a host of pipes, whips, and walking-sticks filling racks and corners; and sofa, floor, and tables strewn with books, papers, dried plants, fossils from Oyster Hill and the Epsom gravel-pits, and "rubbish" of all sorts: a room which no woman could have seen, without longing to invade it with broom and dust-pan and set it to rights; but which in its present condition was just what a man delights in. Unfortunately, Lion wanted the woman as well; and would have even put up with the broom and dust-pan for the sake of having

"At least I may as well know my fate," he said to himself that morning at breakfast. 'It is cowardly to shirk it; and I may have been too touchy. Her mother might not have meant anything. At any rate, if there is a possibility of that rumour having reached Sybil I owe it to her to let her know that the one desire of my heart is to make it true; and give her the option of accepting or refusing me. Please God it won't be the latter! I'll go to her mother

this very day."

With that intention in his mind he started out to get through his parish work as early as possible, and was coming back from some outlying cottages through Barnet Wood when, through an opening in the boughs, he saw a bright spot of colour; and realised, with a sudden leap of every drop of blood in his veins, that it was Sybil herself, not a dozen yards from him! He did not see Jenny at first. Sybil seemed to be alone, her fair face shining out against a background of light flickering green; and, as he held his breath to gaze upon it, all his decorous and proper intentions as to going to Mrs. Dysart first fled away before a passionate desire to tell her how he loved her, and learn from herself if she could care for him. The words were trembling on his lips as he broke through the thicket; but they died there unspoken, for in the same moment he saw Jenny sitting on the grass at her sister's feet; and checked himself just in time.

It was just then that the girls looked up and saw him; and I suppose the embarrassment in his manner, natural after being so

suddenly thwarted in his purpose, added to the fact that they had only that moment been talking of him, communicated a certain constraint to all three; for they certainly met with a degree of reserve and formality, for which each blamed the other, and which made them all very uncomfort-They shook hands, of course, and made enquiries after respective parents, and then something was said about the weather and Jenny's sketch; but that young lady's face wore the expression of an offended antelope, and her answers were so short that a man must have been dense indeed not to see he was out of favour with her. Neither side said anything about his late unwonted absence; they lest the remark should seem to provoke an explanation of the hitherto unannounced engagement, and he from shyness at alluding to a thing about which they seemed so indifferent. It was one of those stupid little misunderstandings which every now and then spring up between the best of friends, yet which a word could break down if it were only possible to speak it.

It did not seem easy to do so at

present.

Sybil behaved the best. She always did. There was a sort of sweet, sunshiny graciousness about her which it took a good deal to ruffle; and Jenny thought her manner to-day simply angelic, and wondered how any man could be in her presence and yet care for another woman. That Lionel, her hero always, and best friend and mentor in general, should be able to do so was a real shock to her, and one by which he fell so suddenly low in her estimation that when he made some good-natured comment on a faulty bit in her sketch, she coloured high, and looked at him as if he had taken some unwarrantable liberty. Lionel coloured, too, as much with surprise as annoyance, and drew back on the instant.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly.
"It was cool of me to make the remark.

I couldn't paint half as well myself, and you may be right; but——"

"It is not right. The whole of that foreground is wrong, and you could do it a great deal better. You wouldn't have known how to find fault otherwise," Jenny interrupted sharply, and then shut the book with a bang as if to put a stop to further criticism. It was shockingly rude of her—I am not making any excuse for the second Miss Dysart—and Sybil felt quite ashamed of her sister. She came to the rescue by rising as if they were about to go home, and Jenny's action had been only preparatory to the same.

"Jenny does not mind looking her faults in the face," she said pleasantly. "Now, I am far vainer; for I'm afraid I like to be praised over what I do, whether I deserve

it or not."

"I should call that sensitiveness, not vanity," said Lionel gently; but before the paths of peace thus retraced could be pursued, poor Jenny's sudden aggressiveness forced her to put in:

"You might call it so, but it would only be from politeness. Wanting praise for everything, good or bad, is vanity; and I remember your once saying so yourself."

"You have a better memory than I," said Lion coldly; and then Sybil saw that further efforts were useless, and said good-bye.

"Are you going home? I am going in that direction too," he interrupted eagerly, "and if you would let me carry your books—"

But though she thanked him very sweetly, and with the softest light in her eyes, Sybil would not consent. Jenny and she were going on a little farther first, and she would not trouble him with the books. They were no weight. She held out her hand as she spoke, and Lion had no resource but to take it and go on his way. The interview, instead of bringing them nearer, had made him feel farther off than ever. He went away feeling as if he had been virtually dismissed.

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### IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

### EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS:

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion pro-Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require sometime to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare. Acc.

mare, &c.
It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all oc-casioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful ano-dyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

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which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he-firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and de-Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually pre-vent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of Norton's Camomile Pills, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of Norton's Camomile Pills, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to personsattending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As Norton's Camomile Pills are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

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their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's Camomile Pills, which will so

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den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be foundno, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

chanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

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IS strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

# STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, in some of which the outside Label and the coloured Paper enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with two EE's.

Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Commencement of a NEW VOLUME of THE QUIVER, affording a convenient opportunity for NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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The FIRST PART of a NEW VOLUME of

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\*\*\* THE QUIVER CHRISTMAS ANNUAL will be published on NOV. 25, price 6d., under the title of THE GOLDEN MARK.

ENLARGEMENT of

### The Magazine of ART

With the NOVEMBER PART, now ready, price 1s.

NOTICE.—Special attention is directed to the FRONTISPIECE which is issued with this Part, consisting of an exquisitely produced ETCHING entitled "THE TRIO," from the Painting by ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A., Etched by LALAUZE.

NOTICE.—The FIRST PART of a NEW VOLUME of

## Cassell's Family Magazine

will be published on NOV. 25, price 7d., and Orders for New Subscriptions are now received by all Booksellers, from whom a Programme of the Subjects to appear in the New Volume can be obtained.

Monthly, price 6d.

### LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

For Girls and Boys of all Ages.

\*.\* A NEW VOLUME will be commenced with PART 73, ready in December.

"Every one ought to know by this time that 'Little Folks' is the best Magazine for children."—Graphte.

\*\* THE GLAD TIME; being the "Little Folks" Annual for 1881, is now ready, price 6d.

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### With about 250 ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

"THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST will be an entirely original Work, written in simple and interesting language adapted to the comprehension of children, relating in consecutive order the events connected with our Lord's life and ministry, and describing fully the scenes amid which He moved, and the people amongst whom He spent His life on earth."

"The greatest care will be exercised in the selection and production of the Wood Engravings with which The Child's Life of Christ will be illustrated. They will be entirely New and Original Illustrations taken mainly from photographs and other authentic sources, and will be unsparingly disposed through the text."

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Now ready, PART 1, price 7d., of the RE-ISSUE of

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With about 600 ILLUSTRATIONS.

\*\* With PART 1 is issued a large Presentation Plate—"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," from the Original Painting by CHARLES LUCEY.

On NOV. 25th will be published PART 1, price 7d., of

## CASSELL'S and New Edinburgh

Old and New Edinburgh.

By JAMES GRANT, Author of "Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh," "British Battles on Land and Sea," &c.

#### With ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Specially executed for the Work by Waller H. Paton, R.S.A., J. Wallace, D. Small, and other Artists.

"In these pages we propose to trace the annals of Edinburgh, and to describe the varied and stirring events of which it has been the scene, from those days when all around its site was a wilderness of wood and water to what we may well call the Edinburgh of the Victorian age, a vast city stretching nearly from the wide and pastoral hills of Braid to the sandy shores of the Firth of Forth. . . . In Edinburgh every step is historical; the memories of a remote and romantic past confront us at every turning and corner."—Extract from Introduction.

Prospectuses at all Booksellers', or post free from the Publishers, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

### New Illustrated Shakspere.

Preliminary Announcement. — Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have in preparation, and will shortly publish in MONTHLY PARTS, price 7d., THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE, with Full-page Illustrations on STEEL and Wood, by the first Artists, and set in bold, clear, readable type.

Further particulars will be announced, and Prospectuses will be forwarded post free on application to the Publishers, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

NOTICE.—A Large Selection of Books, suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts, Rewards, Prizes, Birthday Gifts, &c., will be found in Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.'s COMPLETE CATALOGUE, a copy of which will be sent post free on application to Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

## A NEW and THOROUGHLY REVISED EDITION of

## Cassell's Popular Educator

Will be issued by Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.,

### SIXPENNY MONTHLY PARTS.

Part I ready November 25, 1880, price 6d.

LTHOUGH more than a million copies have been sold of CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR in the various editions which have been successively called for, yet so continuous and urgent is the demand for New Editions, and so rapid in this age is the advance and development of accurate and scientific knowledge, that the Publishers, on completion of the last issue of the work, placed it in the hands of the ablest men to thoroughly revise and bring down to date each department of the whole field of knowledge which it traverses.

So rapid, too, and enormous has been the result of State primary education, that every year thousands of new readers and students take their place in the work of the world furnished with a key to the temple of knowledge, and animated with the ardent desire to use it in unlocking those treasures of education the value of which they are now able to realise. They know and feel keenly, with the new power in their hands, that the time has come when they must rely on their own efforts to raise themselves in the world, and hence the urgency of the present demand for a New Issue of The Popular Educator, a work which beyond all others will enable them to carry on without limit the process of self-education.

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With such an array of subjects, all prepared by eminent professors, with Illustrations introduced at every point where they will elucidate the text, THE POPULAR EDUCATOR may justly be termed an

### ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Commencing with simple lessons, immediately interesting to the student, and urging him rapidly forward, from one stage to another, until all knowledge is at his command, this most comprehensive work enables every one of ordinary intelligence to build up for himself a solid and complete education,

qualifying him for any position in life to which his talents and industry may lead him.

"We have gone over the pages of this great work," said the *Dublin University Magazine*, "with sentiments of real wonder. WE KNOW OF NONE LIKE IT. We confidently assert that there never was one like it in importance to the working man. The success has been enormous; it has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community."

Mhen the Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE (now Lord SHERBROOKE) a few years ago made himself acquainted with its contents, previous to his address to the working men of Halifax, on the best methods of self-education, he did not hesitate to place THE POPULAR EDUCATOR as the first book in

" If you give a child instruction, you have given him the potentiality of possessing any amount of

the first rank. He said :

"knowledge he pleases. Another thing I will mention for the benefit of those young men who are "wishful to possess that amount of knowledge-one or two excellent books, which, if they would read "would place them in a position, and give them an intelligent power of judging of the world and the things around them superior to that of many honourable and other gentlemen with whom I am acquainted. NOW, THE FIRST BOOK WHICH I WILL RECOMMEND IS CASSELL'S EDUCATOR. A MAN WHO HAS READ, AND THOROUGHLY KNOWS THE CONTENTS OF THIS, " IS A MAN WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THE GREATEST PART OF WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND "HIM, WHICH IS A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN CAN BE SAID OF THE BEST GREEK OR LATIN SCHOLAR, OR EVEN THE ACCOMPLISHED LAWYER."

Such emphatic testimony from so eminent a scholar, and so distinguished a public man, adds force and point to all the other countless testimonies to which expression has been given.

Testimony upon testimony has reached the Publishers from amongst the hundreds of thousands who have possessed themselves of the work, declaring that they could not refrain from expressing how much of their success in life they owe to THE POPULAR EDUCATOR. These testimonies have never ceased to flow in, scarcely a day passing without some new correspondent expressing his gratitude for the work. A few specimens of these will be found below.

On each fresh occasion of a New Edition of the work being required the Publishers may well experience an increased gratification, because the welcome truth is borne in upon them more completely that the POPULAR EDUCATOR is rooted in the esteem of the people as being a work which stands by itself as the most comprehensive Educational Compendium ever issued from the press, and which they now again commit, in its new and improved form, with unabated confidence to subscribers and wellwishers, who have on so many previous occasions assisted them in making known its unrivalled merits,

#### The following are a few of the innumerable Testimonies referred to in the above Prospectus :-

"Endowed School, —. Will you kindly send me zoo Prospectuses of your marvellous work, the 'Popular Educator.' I require them for distribution here. I wish the 'Educator' every success. As a reacher. Educator.' I require them for distribution here. I wish the 'Educator' every success. As a teacher, I shall always recommend it in preference to any text-books, not only on account of its thoroughly exhaustive character, but because of the plain, simple language in which the information it contains is conveyed to the reader's mind.

-, Head Master."

"ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

"It might be some satisfaction to you, perhaps, to know that by means of your 'Popular Educator,' and other similar publications which you have issued, I have been enabled to raise myself from a farm labourer to my present position; and nothing will efface from my memory the deep obligations I am under for your assistance.

. Second Master."

"Eleven years ago I was a subscriber to the then Edition, and have it now completed and bound. At that time I was an apprentice, possessing an extremely limited education even for that position, and entirely ignorant of English composition; now I am an equal partner in this firm, with money saved, house property purchased, a flourishing business, and good credit. Therefore I consider it to be my duty, as it certainly is my privilege, to do my utmost to induce our workmen (many of whom are last varying in age from twelve to eighteen years) to avail themselves of the increased advantages offered by this new edition."

"The articles on the various subjects are so lucidly written, the technicalities so judiciously smoothed down, and the terms so clearly explained, that the 'Popular Educator' must stand pre-eminent as a teacher of useful

knowledge, and may justly be termed a universal school-master, commending itself as well to the young gentleman leaving his grammar-school as to the National Schoolboy about to enter upon his apprenticeship. I hope to obtain several subscribers in this small town, and I will recommend it wherever I go."

The Rev. W. HOLDERNESS, Principal of Woolfardisworthy College, near Bideford, and Vicar of the Parish, writes:—
"I am so delighted with your 'Popular Educator' that I have made it my chief school book. . . . Your 'Popular Educator' has commenced a new era in the history of Education. An aspiring youth, with very little aid, may become anything he chooses."

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\*\* Copies of this Frospectus will be forwarded in any number desired for distribution on application to the Publishers,

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# ORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE MINSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1809. Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Subscribed Capit	tal					£2,000,000
Paid-up Capital					:	£450,000
Reserves and Bal	lance	of	Undiv	rided	Profit	£1,142,470
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INTENDING LIFE ASSURERS are invited to consider the advantages offered by this COMPANY.

The Life Premiums and Interest for 1879 . £448,574

THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT of the LIFE ASSURANCE DEPARTMENT may be marked by contrasting the following results for the first four years of the past Quinquennial Period with those for the first four years of the present Quinquennium, viz.—

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### NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Policies on the Participating Scale opened in 1880 will share in the next Division, and at future Investigations will rank for a higher Bonus as compared with later Entrants.

Nine-Tenths of the Whole Profits of the Life Assurance Department are allocated to the Participating Policyholders.

**The Bonus** is calculated not only on the Original Sum Assured, but on all existing Bonus Additions. At last Division the Bonus ranged, according to the age of the Policy, from £1:5s. to £2 per cent per annum on the Original Sum Assured.

The Premiums are moderate, and the Tables embrace all the most modern Schemes, including the Half Premium, Assurance and Annuity, Double Assurance, Endowment, Terminable Rates, and New Special Rates for India, China, &c.

Non-Forfeitable Policies are granted; and every facility is given to Policyholders in regard to Foreign Travel and Residence, Modes of completing Assurances, &c.

Annuities of all kinds are granted by the Company, and the rates are fixed on the most favourable terms.

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PROPERTY of nearly every description may be Insured at Home and Abroad at the lowest Rates of Premium corresponding to the nature of the Risk.

SEVEN YEARS' INSURANCE BY ONE PAYMENT CHARGED FOR SIX ONLY.
The Nett Premiums for 1879 amounted to £902,670.

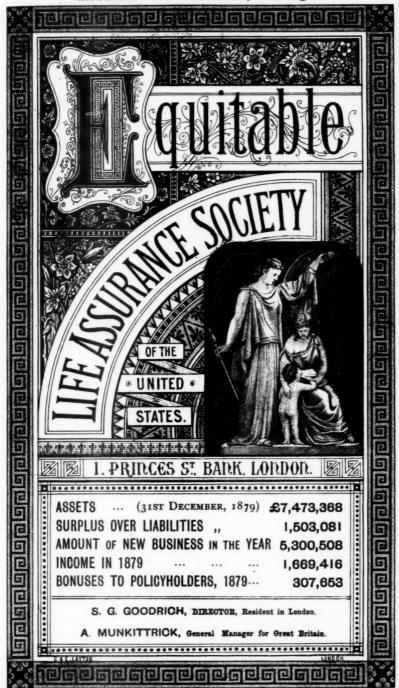
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Tables of Rates, and full information, may be obtained at any of the Company's Offices or Agencies in the United Kingdom, Colonies, &c.

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ANNUAL BONUSES—All Profits to the Assured, POLICIES are indisputable after Three Years,

ORDINARY POLICIES will Provide a definite SURRENDER-VALUE in Paid-up Assurances after three years.

THIS SOCIETY issues Policies known as the Tontine Savings Fund Assurance, the

Principles of which all intending Assurers should examine.

ANNUITIES GRANTED upon most favourable terms.

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The growth of its Assets will be seen by the following table :-

Year ending Dec. 31st.	Assets.	Year ending Dec. 31st.	Assets.
1864	205,076	1874	5,196,349
1860	2,102,164		7,473,368

This Society has for some years done the largest business of any office in the world, and from the higher rates of interest that prevail in the United States upon the very best Securities, the SOCIETY is enabled to offer correspondingly greater advantages to its Policyholders than is in the power of Life Insurance Companies in this country, where the interest obtainable upon a similar class of investment is so much lower.

The EQUITABLE Society has introduced a new form of Life Assurance, known as the

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which applies the Tontine principle to the distribution of bonuses. Full particulars of this Plan may be obtained on application to the Head Office, or to any of its Branches or Agencies; but the following Tables give the results, as estimated, of 15 and 20-year Policies, taken out on the Tontine Savings' Fund plan of Assurance:—

SUM ASSURED, £1000.

Ind of 15 Years. Estimated Results at the end of 20 Years. Estimated Results at the end of 15 Years.

Age.		nnu emiu		Pre	ota miu aid	ms	Cash Value of Policy.	Value in Paid-up Policy.		Nei Con			nnu		Pre	otal miu aid.	ms	Cash Value of Policy.	Value in Paid-up Policy.		Net Icon	
-	£ 19 26	s. 17	d. 6 6	£ 298 395	\$. 2	d. 6 6	£ 342 495	£ 1,030 1,150	£ 0 6	s. 16	d. 2 5	£ 19	s. 17 7	d. 6 6	£ 397 527	8. 10	d. 0	£ 600 868	£ 1,600	19	S. 4 12	d 2 5
	37	19	2	569	7	6	745	1,340	20	2	7	37	19	2	759	3	4	1,353	2,160	94	4	7

cy; a paid-up Policy for £1,030; or an Annuity of 16s. 2d., increasing yearly, and the £1,000 at death to his heirs. If 20 years' payments had been chosen, the assured would have been entitled to cash value, £600; paid-up Policy, £1,600; In Annuity of £19, 4s. 2d., increasing yearly, and £4,000 at death to his heirs.

Or, if the Policies are taken out upon the Limited-Payment Plan in the Tontine Class, the advantages are still more apparent, as may be seen by the following Tables of Estimated Results:-

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Whole Life-10 Annual Payments. Whole Life-15 Annual Payments. ESTIMATED RESULTS AT END OF 15 YEARS. ESTIMATED RESULTS AT END OF 10 YEARS.

Age.	Annual Premium.			Total Premiums Paid,			Cash Value of Policy.		Life and the £1,000 at Death.			Annual Premiums.			Total Premiums Paid.			Cash Value of Policy.		Annuity for Life and the £1,000 at Death.		
25	£ 42	s. 10	d.	£ 425	s. 8	d.	£ 440	1,500	£ 13	S.	d.	£ 32	s. 6	8	485	s. 0	d.	£ 693	2,000	\$ 30	s. 10	d.
35 45	52 67	8 7	6	524 673	3 15	4	710	1,470	17 26	10	0	40 52	2	6	600 781	17	6	887	2,060	44 73		0

Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, and full particulars may be obtained on application at any of the Branch Offices or to the Agents of the Society, or to— S. G. GCODRICH, DIRECTOR, RESIDENT IN LONDON, OTTO A. MUNKITTRICK, GENERAL MANAGER.

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